

THE FINAL GIRLS: HORROR'S HOTTEST SCREAM QUEENS

HUSTLER

JANUARY 2017

HARDCORE SINCE '74



**A HISTORY OF
LESBIANS**
TWAT
THROUGH
THE AGES

**WHEELER
WALKER JR.**
COUNTRY-
WESTERN
WITH A SIDE OF
POON-TWANG

**DRUNK &
DISORDERLY**
INSIDE THE U.S.
SECRET SERVICE

**COVER BEAUTY
VALERIE VIXEN**

+
RILEY NIXON
NAOMI WOODS
JADE JANTZEN
APRIL BROOKES
BRETT ROSSI
SADIE SANTANA
ALINA WEST
& JENNA REID

SPECIAL REPORT
**ANARCHIST
STRIPPER**
WORKS THE DNC

JANUARY 2017 \$9.99 U.S.



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"Oh, geez...I'm sorry...did I wake you?"



CONTENTS



20 **RILEY NIXON**
Over the Edge
Photography by DigitalDesire.com

36 **JADE JANTZEN**
Good Move
Photography by Larry Flynt Productions

48 **NAOMI WOODS**
Hopeless Romantic
Photography by Dave Naz

60 **VALERIE VIXEN**
Water Nymph
Photography by Tammy Sands

90 **APRIL BROOKES**
Pleasure Princess
Photography by Larry Flynt Productions

130 **GOLDEN SHOWERS**
Classic Photography
by Clive McLean

30 **WHEELER WALKER JR.: EATIN' PUSSY, KICKIN' ASS**
This Kentucky comedian-cum-cowboy likes his country-western with a side of poon-twang. HUSTLER sits down with the XXX hillbilly crooner to understand the artist behind future classics like "Fuck You Bitch." Interview by Keith Valcourt. Photography by Norris Smith.

42 **THE NUDE ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM**
Jessa Jordan, anarchist stripper, reports on protests, police presence, piece of shit politicians and working the pole during the 2016 Democratic National Convention in Philadelphia. Photography by Cassandra Panek and Jessa Jordan.

74 **THE FINAL GIRLS**
HUSTLER hangs with four of Hollywood's hottest scream queens for a chilling look inside the horror genre. Danielle Harris, Erin Marie Hogan, Victoria De Mare and Pandie Suicide talk blood, kicking bogeyman ass and more blood. Interview and photography by Kelly Webb.

110 **A HISTORY OF LESBIANS**
Carpet munchers through the ages have so much in common—beautiful breasts; hot, wet cunts; and fingers and tongues that go everywhere. Photography courtesy HUSTLER Video.



7 PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT

9 ROBERT SCHEER

11 BRAD FRIEDMAN

13 ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

14 BITS & PIECES

72 HUSTLER HUMOR

82 HARDCORE SHOWCASE

100 BEAVER HUNT

136 COMING SOON

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Cover photo by Tammy Sands

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THE RACE TO ARMAGEDDON

The mainstream media has given little attention to what could be the single largest, most dangerous government expenditure ever: a staggering \$1 trillion to upgrade our nuclear arsenal over the next 30 years, with new nuclear bombers, warheads, missiles, subs, labs and production plants.

Last June the Strategic Deterrent Coalition held a symposium in Albuquerque, attended by the nation's top military brass and defense gurus. The consensus: We've got to prepare for a possible preemptive nuclear first strike against our supposed "enemies": Russia, China, Iran and North Korea. The symposium was sponsored by the usual suspects—Northrop Grumman, Lockheed Martin, Boeing and other major defense contractors—who stand to make a killing of another kind on this insane bonanza.

Shortly after Obama was first elected, he gave a speech in Prague in 2009, pledging to seek "the peace and security of a world without nuclear weapons." The crowd applauded and cried with joy. Obama was then awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. But rather than cutting back, his administration went on to build more nuclear weapons and factories, and nuclear warhead spending has risen higher than under any other American President.

Of course George W. Bush is guilty as well. His Nuclear Posture Review in 2002 backtracked on nonproliferation progress by advocating the development of new nuclear weapons and adopting a preemptive first-strike policy. Both Presidents' poli-

cies have violated the 1968 Non-Proliferation Treaty and set the Doomsday Clock ticking faster.

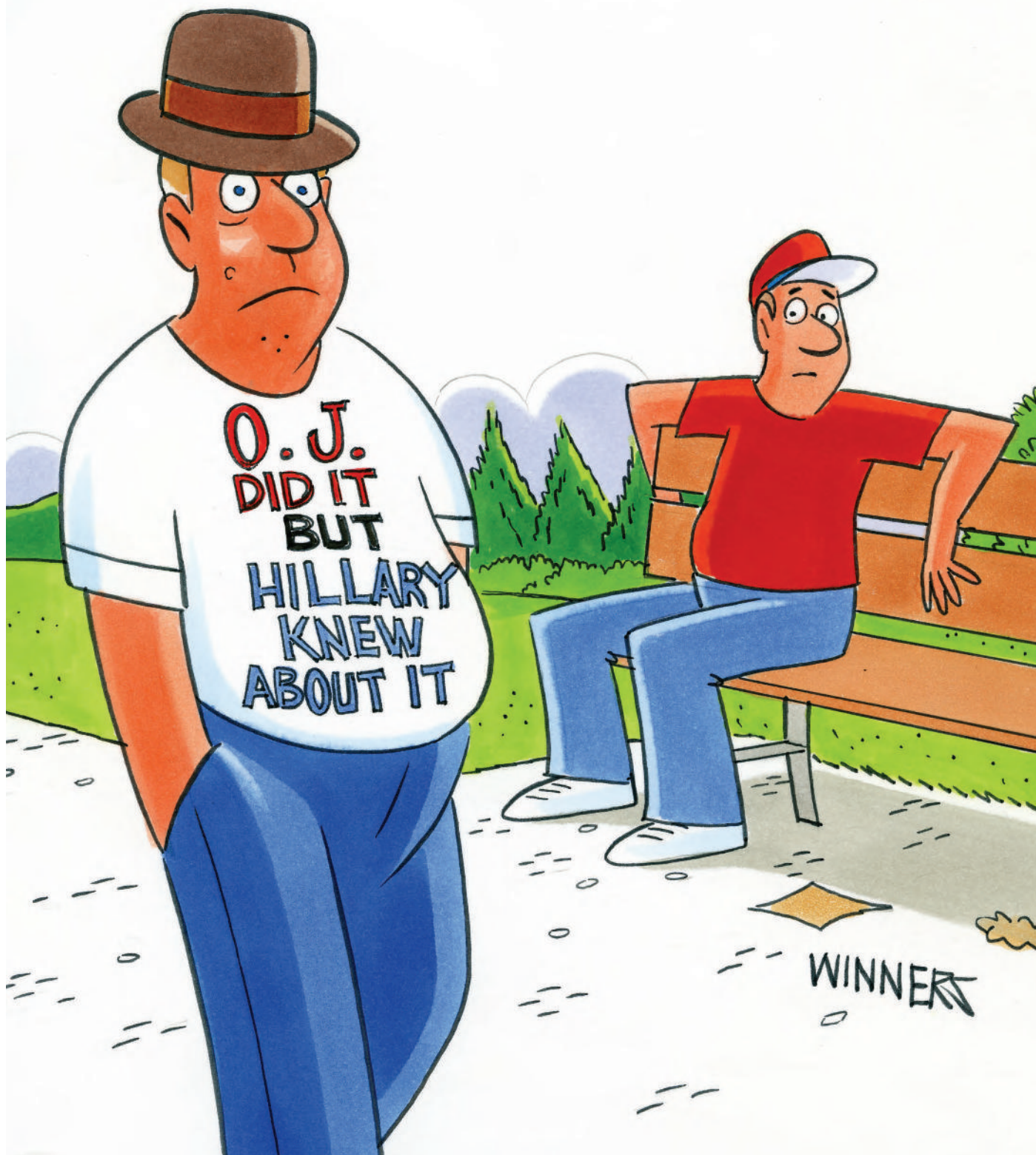
So much for America lecturing the rest of the world—especially North Korea, Pakistan and Iran—on their nuclear programs. They are going to follow what we do, not what we preach. With growing global population and dwindling natural resources, there is certain to be major conflict in the future, and if we don't abolish nuclear weapons, those conflicts could very well escalate into global suicide someday.

Then there's the cost: \$1 trillion could fund a lot of beneficial things, like conversion to green energy, education, healthcare, paying down the national debt, and the list goes on. Spending that fortune on more toxic weapons is sheer madness. Between the U.S. and Russia alone, there are enough nuclear warheads today to fry all life on Earth.

Take some time and let your representatives know that you oppose this insanity. Your children and grandchildren—if they survive—will thank you.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

ANOTHER CRAZY DONALD TRUMP SUPPORTER



THE FILTHY RICH GET RICHER

THE 99% ARE BETRAYED, AND DONALD TRUMP WAITS IN THE WINGS.

And the winner is...Goldman Sachs! America's big bankers don't really care whether the next President is named Hillary Clinton or Donald Trump. Once Bernie Sanders was knocked out of the race, the threat to the fat cats who own this country was over.

Do I exaggerate? Well, once Bernie was sent back to Vermont, how often did you hear about the top one-tenth of 1% possessing wealth equal to the bottom 90% of Americans? Sanders' populist challenge to Hillary and the Clinton family's deep involvement with the superrich was quickly replaced by a pretend-billionaire buffoon who, after a lifetime of shameful exploitation of the most vulnerable, claimed to be concerned about the well-being of working people as long as they had proper documentation.

Trump was never a threat to the power or policies that sustain the absurdly wealthy, from a deeply unfair tax code to the financial deregulation enthusiastically embraced by leading Democrats and Republicans alike for the past quarter century. To the establishment, Trump's virtue was his knack for diverting attention from the profound problems that Sanders was intent on addressing and Hillary was bent on ignoring.

How convenient is Donald Trump as a foil for all that ails us? Forget that it was President Bill Clinton who enabled the radical deregulation of Wall Street that legalized all of those hoax securities based on inflated housing values. Forget that Barack Obama bailed out the Wall Street con artists, once their collateralized debt obligations and other swindles exploded, the same way that George W. Bush had: with zero-interest loans and get-out-of-jail-free policies.

Suddenly Democrats were off the hook for any of the madness that had occurred over the previous 24 years, even though they'd occupied the White House for two-thirds of that span. When a barbarian like Trump is at the front gate of Presidential power, why bring attention to the Clinton Foundation's gifts from the superrich, or Bill and Hillary's millions in Wall Street speaking fees, or the fact that Chelsea's husband was set up in the hedge fund business by Goldman Sachs Chairman Lloyd Blankfein?

Improbable in every aspect, Trump has provided the perfect cover for an establishment that has come dangerously close to making our system of governance inoperable. We the People were beginning to understand that fact with unmistakable clarity until he ascended to the Republican Party's nomination and could not restrain from continuing to act like himself.

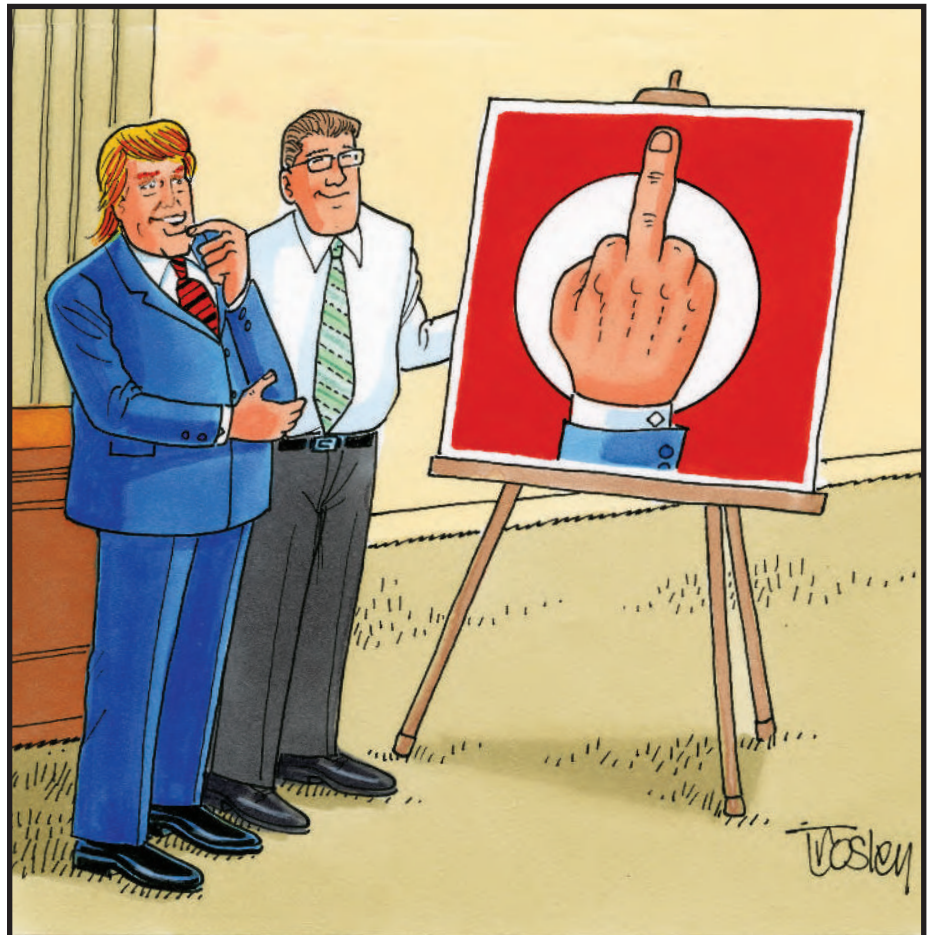
The funny-haired guy saved the day for Hillary and the consolidation of the political and economic power of the top .01% of the population. The Democratic Party elite has seized upon the greater evil of a Trump Presidency as a way to mask their own deep responsibility for destroying the middle class through policies, as Sanders pointed out, that enabled Wall Street greed. It won't work. As a remedy for habitual gluttony, purges are never durable, and the binge eating by

superrich will continue unabated long after the Trump show has been canceled.

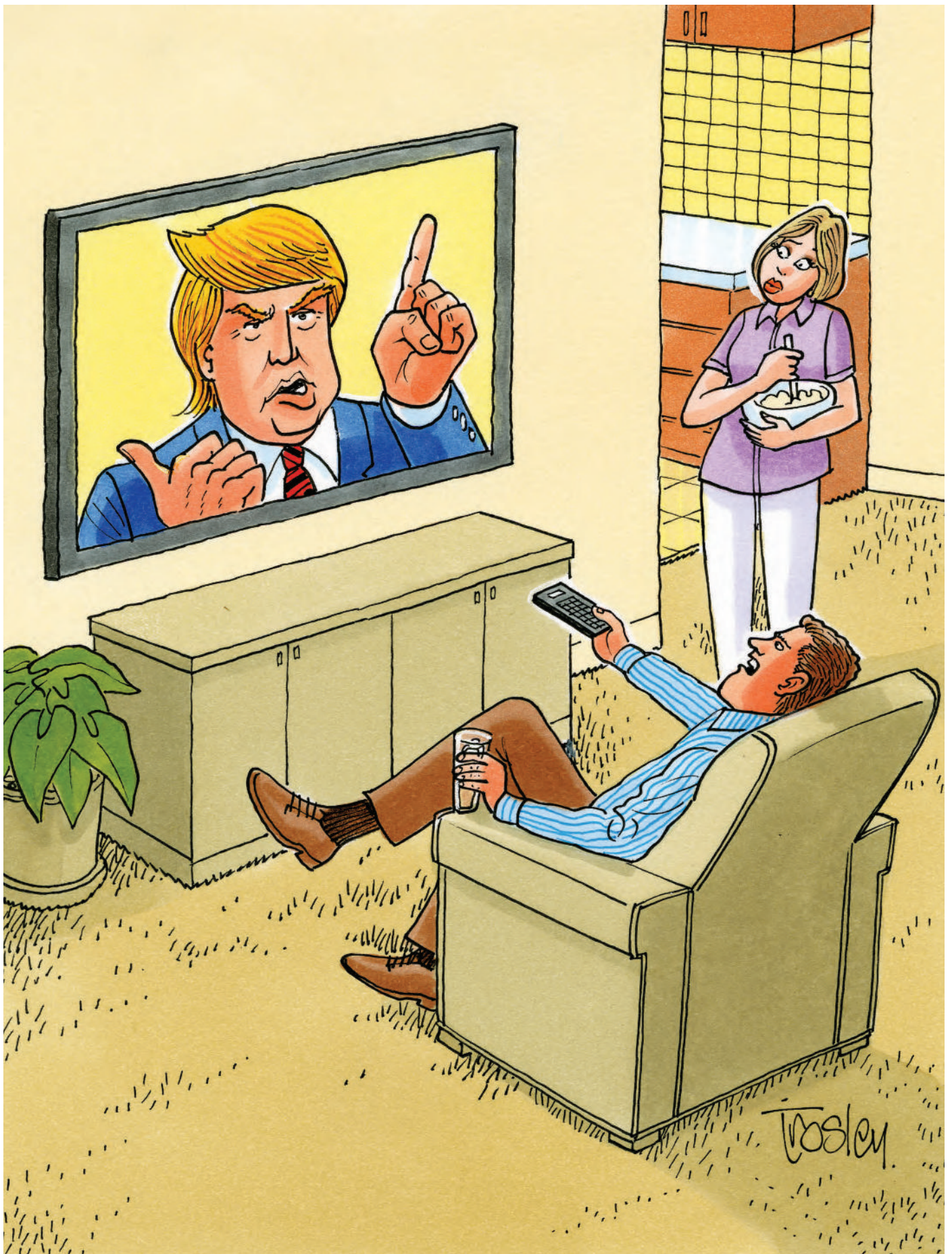
Next time it won't be so easy to defeat the forces of madness when a demagogue appears. Those on the right will know how to more effectively market a neo-fascist vision. The issues in an economic system that betrays ordinary folks will be ever more apparent, especially to those brown and black voters who were willing to give the Democrats one more pass despite being the hardest hit by the egregious deregulation that Bill Clinton implemented.

Sadly, Bernie Sanders will be too old to carry the torch, Senator Elizabeth Warren too compromised by carrying water for Hillary, and so a smoother-talking Trump-like candidate will surface on the demagogic right to convince people that malice and divisiveness is the wave of the future. It can happen here. **H**

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy*.



"I like it. I've always wanted a personal logo!"



"It's new—it's called The Hate Channel."

GO VOTE!

YOU MAY NOT LIKE THE CANDIDATES, BUT VOTE ANYWAY. HERE'S WHY.

If voting made any difference, they wouldn't let us do it," Mark Twain is believed to have quipped. However, there is no clear-cut evidence he said anything of the sort. Whoever first uttered those words did so anonymously. Little wonder. That person was wrong. And if you want to tell yourself that it makes no difference how or if you vote, you are welcome to. But you would be wrong as well.

After months of endless primaries and a campaign season like we've never seen, it's time to end all the grandstanding. Americans will soon determine what happens to this country—and thus the world—during the next four years. Given the partisan balance of the Supreme Court and a planet on the edge of survivability, it's a decision that will reverberate for generations.

By now, in most states, if you're not already registered to vote, you're screwed. You'll have no say in determining what your federal, state and local governments will require of you, nor what services you'll receive in exchange for your hard-earned tax dollars.

If you are registered to vote, or lucky enough to live in one of the few states that allow same-day registration, congratulations! Now go vote! Yes, it makes a difference. Even in high turnout elections, fewer than 60% of eligible voters bother to show up. Many contests, including Presidential races, are determined by just a few percentage points and sometimes far less, just a handful of votes. So vote!

You don't care for either of the major-party Presidential candidates? Then vote against the one you hate the most. Or say to hell with both of them by voting for a third-party candidate or even a write-in. If you think boycotting the polls sends a message, you're wrong. Your inaction is meaningless.

Most Americans already don't vote. As the share of eligible voters who exercise the right gets smaller and smaller, candidates simply pay attention to those who *do* vote and, more disturbingly, to those who fund their campaigns. When you stop casting a ballot, they don't pay *more* attention to you. They pay *less*, completely ignoring your interests.

You may think that elections are "rigged" (as Donald Trump has charged) or "stolen" (as some Bernie Sanders supporters claimed during his campaign). Either way, whoever you think is doing the "rigging" or "stealing," the "bad guys"

would love for you to stay home on Election Day. That way, they don't have to steal your vote at all. You're giving it to them for free and getting nothing in return.

And in case you haven't heard, the Presidential race isn't the only one on the 2016 ballot. The entire god-awful U.S. House of Representatives and the balance of the similarly dysfunctional U.S. Senate are also up for grabs. Go change them both. Also keep in mind that ballots may include candidates for governor and state legislatures, as well as for judgeships and local government positions ranging from mayor to seats on city councils, school boards and even sewer commissions. Those contests are about shit that—literally and figuratively—*really* does matter in your everyday life.

Moreover, state and local initiatives related to a wide range of topics—healthcare, gun control, marijuana legalization, raising the minimum wage, solar power, protecting endangered species and many more—will also be

on ballots around the country. Care about any of those hot-button issues? If so, go vote. Or don't, and let others decide for you. Hope you like their choices.

By the way, the Republican Party's 2016 platform declares that "pornography...has become a public health crisis" and urges state and federal officials to "fight this public menace." If you agree, vote for Republicans. If you disagree, vote against them. They *will* hear you.

Vote how you like. Tens of thousands of your fellow citizens gave their lives securing this right for you. They've died in righteous wars defending democracy and our freedoms. They've been killed in unnecessary wars launched by elected officials allowed to serve because too many Americans didn't bother to vote against them. Your fellow Americans have even been murdered in the simple act of trying to help register those who are eligible to vote.

Yes, your vote matters. Use it or lose it. So vote as if your life—and the lives of your kids, grandkids and great-grandkids—depends on it. Because it does. Go vote! **H**

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, national radio host, political commentator, muckraker, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (BradBlog.com).





Donald Trump's brief political life has turned as chaotic as his private life: married three times and now on his third honeymoon with a new campaign manager replacing Paul Manafort (a bagman for every corrupt foreign junta in the world), who replaced Corey Lewandowski, the bush-leaguer in charge when Trump's vanity campaign took off against all expectations—probably even his own.

With a chance of actually sleeping in the White House, Trump finally had to get serious and stop shooting off his big mouth. Hispanics, blacks and women compose a solid majority of the electorate, and they all despise the man. Among women Trump's held a steady 65-70% disapproval rating, spelling almost certain doom-day on November 8th.

Enter miracle worker Kellyanne Conway from the GOP Blond Squad (along with Ann Coulter and Kayleigh McEnany), whose specialty is turning tricks for the worst Republican dicks. As CEO of The Polling Company, Inc./ WomanTrend, Conway has consulted, polled and managed campaigns for Dan Quayle, Newt Gingrich, Todd Akin, Mike Pence and Ted Cruz—mostly odious jackasses forever blathering about “family values” and the sanctity of marriage while fucking around like rabbits on Viagra, treating the women in their lives like shit as they try to legislate the nation back to the 19th century.

But listen up, Sisterhood, says Conway, you just have to ignore the warts and vote for these jerks because they espouse sacred Republican principles. Forgive them and turn the other cheek, like Stella slinking back to Stanley Kowalski for more habitual abuse.

Todd Akin, the neanderthal Republican senate candidate from Missouri, was Conway's client in 2012 when he blurted this inanity: “If it's a legitimate rape, the female body has ways to try to shut that whole thing down.” Akin was against even a rape exception for the antiabortion law he championed. He must have flunked Biology 101, but Conway defended him: “The first day or two... it was like the Waco with David Koresh situation, where they're trying to smoke him out with the SWAT teams and the helicopters and the bad Nancy Sinatra records. Then here comes Day 2, and you realize the guy's not coming out of the bunker. Listen, Todd has shown his principle to the voters.”

That's only one of Conway's many idiotic public utterances. In an interview with Anderson Cooper, she lamented that the Democratic platform didn't ban sex-selective abortions because “you've got all these little baby girls being killed just because they're girls in this country.” During a break Cooper fact-checked this, citing Conway's source, a Guttmacher Institute study acknowledging that this happens overseas and may be happening to a limited extent in some Asian-American communities, but that there is no evidence for the scandal Conway alleged. “The U.S. sex ratio, at 1.05 males for every female, is squarely within biologically normal parameters,” the study stated. But when have evidence, statistics and hard facts ever deterred right-wing apparatchiks from blowing up in-



KELLYANNE CONWAY

consequential molehills into mountains of outrage?

In 2005 Conway complained about a PBS cartoon, *Postcards From Buster*, showing a lesbian couple. It's not an issue of “right versus left, but right versus wrong,” said Conway, adding that people “don't want their kids looking at cartoons with a bunch of lesbian mothers,” and we have to protect our kids from “outside, external influences corrupting their minds and their bodies.” Conway is a devout Roman Catholic, still stuck in the antiquated mind-set that God commands us all to “be fruitful and multiply” in a world already vastly overpopulated. Gay people have finally emerged from the closet for good, and all kids are going to know homosexuality exists someday, like it or not. And if they eventually choose a sexual relationship not resulting in reproduction, it's a plus for our overstressed planet. Time to take off your bonnet, put down the butter churn and join the 21st century, Kellyanne.

Still, it's hard to top this nugget from *The O'Reilly Factor* in 2007. She was grouching about political correctness and said this, “And in fact what starts out as maybe the person doesn't speak English, getting—putting mayonnaise instead of mustard as you requested on your sandwich, is one day going to blossom into two air traffic controllers who don't speak great English because political correctness has made us appoint them to those positions. They're going to have two planes crashing in the sky. And that's not a dramatic example. That's what happens with slippery slopes.”

That's a dramatic example of asinine stupidity; English has been the standard language of international aviation since 1951. Air traffic controllers may communicate in their native language, but are required to change to English upon request. So we've got thousands of international flights around the

world every day with pilots and controllers from Hong Kong to Kampala to Bogotá speaking accented English, and are planes “crashing in the sky” or plowing into airport terminals? Of course not. It's just another phantom menace dredged up from the sewer to distract voters from the real issues bedeviling the United States.

At the start of this carnival campaign season, Trump offered Conway a position on his staff, but she was then committed to the real heartthrob of the Far Right, Ted Cruz—the biggest asshole in the history of the Congress—as president of his super PAC. Here's what she had to say about Trump back then: “For women, seeing is believing, and when they hear Donald Trump in his own words, they can make a clear-headed decision about, ‘Will the real Donald Trump please stand up?’” And, “For every woman who is attracted to Trump as the nonpolitical outsider, there are two or three women who say, ‘I don't like bullies or gratuitous attacks that are more personal than philosophical.’”

Now, of course, as head Trump cheerleader, she's changed her tune. With a straight face she actually asserted that Trump “doesn't hurl personal attacks.” Back when she was a Cruz girl, she criticized Trump for not releasing his tax returns, but now defends that decision because they're “under audit.” But what about his 2008 return that is no longer under audit? Nope, we can't see that one either.

She once stated that Trump “says he's for the little guy, but he's actually built a lot of his businesses on the backs of the little guy... or through not paying contractors after you've built something.”

In response to Trump's lame outreach to African-American voters (before an almost all-white audience in Michigan), Conway said, “I live in a white community. I'm white. I was very moved by his comment.” Blacks, however, were not so moved. As Van Jones noted, African-Americans are deeply offended when assholes like Trump “talk about us... not talk to us.”

Conway also defended Trump's shocking suggestion that “Second Amendment people” could do something about Hillary Clinton. However he meant it, the implication that some gun nut should assassinate her was there. Even Ronald Reagan's daughter, Patti Davis, was outraged: “Yes, Mr. Trump, words matter,” she said.

Conway's mission is to smear lipstick on this grotesque chauvinist pig, glossing over Trump's crude, insulting comments about Megyn Kelly, Rosie O'Donnell and women in general, ignoring his suggestions that women who seek abortions should be punished. Republican strategist Katie Packer got it right: “...working with candidates like that and trying to not make them look like cavemen—that's a tough job.”

Good luck with this mission impossible, Kellyanne. When Trump flops this November, like most of the other backward dumb fucks she's supported, maybe Conway can go back to being New Jersey Blueberry Princess—a title she won in 1982, before she became the Princess of Assholes. **H**

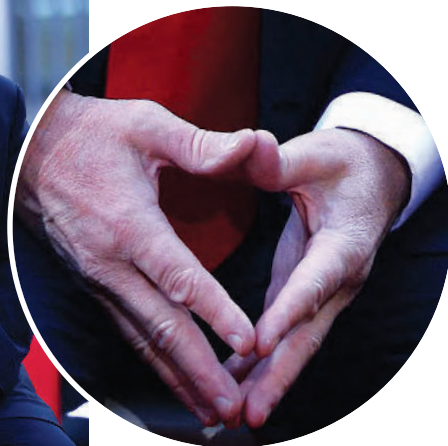


PHOTO © EVERETT COLLECTION INC./ALAMY

VAGINA DEMAGOGUE

Our apologies—we really can't wait to stop talking about Trump. But Gabriella Paiella's piece for *New York* magazine, "Why Are Trump's Hands Always Making the Symbol for 'Vagina,'" posed a question too good to pass on. The piece was accompanied by 20 or so photo illustrations of Trump over the years, in a variety of settings and contexts, hands assuming the indicated position.

Body language expert Nicolas Fradet says that "steepling" ("what you call palms that face each other with just the fingertips touching") "is a display of confidence and self-assurance." While HUSTLER has yet to receive proof positive that Trump's small hands do not indicate a tiny pecker, we are confident Babyfingers' hands form a generous vagina.



PHOTO © REUTERS/ALAMY

OLYMPIC GLORY

"Am I the only person who thinks the Walk of Nations, from above, looks like a giant vagina? #OpeningCeremony #Rio2016," tweeted @JasonKorolenko. No, Jason, you were not.

Sure, Olympic media coverage of female athletes was embarrassingly shitty (e.g., a British reporter congratulated Andy Murray for being "the first person ever to win two Olympic tennis gold medals," and was schooled by Murray that actually Venus and Serena had won four medals each years ago; the *Chicago Tribune* tweeted "Wife of a Bears' lineman wins a bronze medal today in Rio Olympics," instead of identifying her by name; when swimmer Katinka Hosszu won a gold, NBC's Dan Hicks directed the camera at her husband and raved, "There's the man responsible!"). But damn if the vagina wasn't glorified and revered by the host country. Social media users around the globe commented on what we all were thinking: The Olympic stadium looks like the biggest, pinkest, most beautiful pussy in the world. Say what you will about green swimming pools, body parts washing ashore and roving bandits, Brazilians know how—and what—to celebrate.

TELL US SOMETHING WE DON'T KNOW

Having little else to do, journalists across the nation recently reported on a paper published by New York University researchers with this catchy title: "A Qualitative Investigation Comparing Psychosocial and Physical Sexual Experiences Related to Alcohol and Marijuana Use Among Adults." Translation? Some academics interviewed 24 adults who said they toked up before sex and asked them to talk about how good it was—or wasn't—compared to boozing before balling.

"Beer goggles are real," cried the *Washington Post*. "Drunk sex can make you sick. Stoned sex can make you distracted. The pleasure is usually better on marijuana." Not to dampen the mood, but you don't need to be Woodward or Bernstein to realize that barfing on your fuck buddy is more probable after downing tequila shots than a bong hit. (Dead Kennedys' Jello Biafra clarified the dilemma sufficiently back in 1981 in his ode "Too Drunk to Fuck," adding the sorrows of beer-induced diarrhea to the mix.) No mention of the impact of other substances on the sexual experience, though at this very moment, it's probable that subjects across the nation are conducting their own exhaustive research.



PHOTO BY PANDORA YOUNG

FULLY ERECT

Identical naked Donald Trump statues were recently erected in cities across the United States, shocking and thrilling crowds in Seattle, New York, Cleveland, San Francisco and the City of Angels. Commissioned by the anarchist collective INDECLINE and created by Ginger, a Las Vegas artist, the statues featured a thick clump of orange pubes; mottled, veiny skin; a saggy ass; and a member so diminutive that it could not be said to dangle. A plaque at Donald's feet explained the obvious: "The Emperor Has No Balls."

The statues went up in popular public spaces on a Friday. By Sunday they'd all been removed or destroyed. (New York City officials showed the best sense of humor about the installation, releasing the following statement: "NYC Parks stands firmly against any unpermitted erection in city parks, no matter how small.") In Los Angeles, owners of the nearby La Luz de Jesus Gallery took it upon themselves to protect the monument to minimalism, dragging it into one of its public exhibition rooms, where visitors young and old took selfies, mimicked handjobs and snapped photos of Don with their loved ones. One woman even posed with her crying infant, and for once "You can get that baby out of here" Trump was silent.

"Wise men speak because they have something to say; fools because they have to say something." —PLATO, PHILOSOPHER

DRUNK & DISORDERLY

It's understandable that macho, dumb shits would find a job with the United States Secret Service (USSS) appealing: You get to carry a gun and wear sunglasses and a wire and shit. You'd think the elite law enforcement agency, under the auspices of the U.S. Department of Homeland Security since 2003, would weed out renegade cowboys who put their own dicks ahead of national security, but recently revealed documents from an internal investigation into the agency show that while some of us turn into sloppy, drunk perverts once a year at the office holiday party, USSS agents, particularly those higher up in the ranks, routinely act that way year-round—all while representing the United States and protecting its most important assets at home and abroad.

Our current top five favorite examples of USSS "misconduct":

- While on duty in Puerto Rico, an agent used his government-issued computer to solicit a prostitute. After the two "met up," the prostitute stole his government-issued firearm. He resigned, and the theft and its circumstances were covered up and never reported to the Office of the Inspector General.
- An agent was caught driving drunk in an official vehicle. With him were two underage female interns. The agent had asked a USSS support division to make his underage pals fake IDs so could they accompany him to bars.
- Customs and Border Protection officers busted a USSS operative for attempting to import GBL, commonly used as a date rape drug. The agent later admitted to sleeping with at least one underage boy.
- An on-duty Uniformed Division sergeant was caught soliciting a hooker (she turned out to be an undercover police officer) while in his patrol car.
- A manager at the National Threat Assessment Center (NTAC) kept a bottle of booze in his office and required subordinates to drink on duty so he could "trust them." He received multiple accusations of sexual harassment; according to one source, there wasn't a single female subordinate of the NTAC (or as he called it, "Nice Tits and Ass Club") he didn't sexually harass.

There's more—lots more. The heavily redacted documents don't name names, but indicate that the USSS routinely covers for agents who violate policies, regulations and laws, and those violations are rather outrageous, particularly for an organization that prides itself on a policy of "zero tolerance" for failure. But we aren't writing a book.



"Everything's cool! In my heart I'm a chick!"



Someone should though, and they'll have Malia Litman to thank for her dogged efforts. The former attorney and self-described political watchdog filed 89 Freedom of Information Act (FOIA) requests and spent \$100,000 of her own money before getting the government to release 3,914 pages of documents. She's still fighting to get her legal fees reimbursed. According to the *Dallas Morning News* (so far one of the only mainstream news outlets to report on Litman's FOIA battle), Senior U.S. District Judge Sam R. Cummings refused to award the reimbursement on the grounds that Litman "...has not shown that her pursuit of records involves a legitimate public benefit," citing a case precedent "that generally increasing public knowledge about the government is not a legitimate public benefit."

If that ruling doesn't scare the shit out of you, what will? (If you're looking for options, try browsing through the 2015 Congressional report "United States Secret Service: An Agency in Crisis.") "I plan to appeal," Litman tells HUSTLER. "Obviously to me, there is a public interest in holding the government accountable."

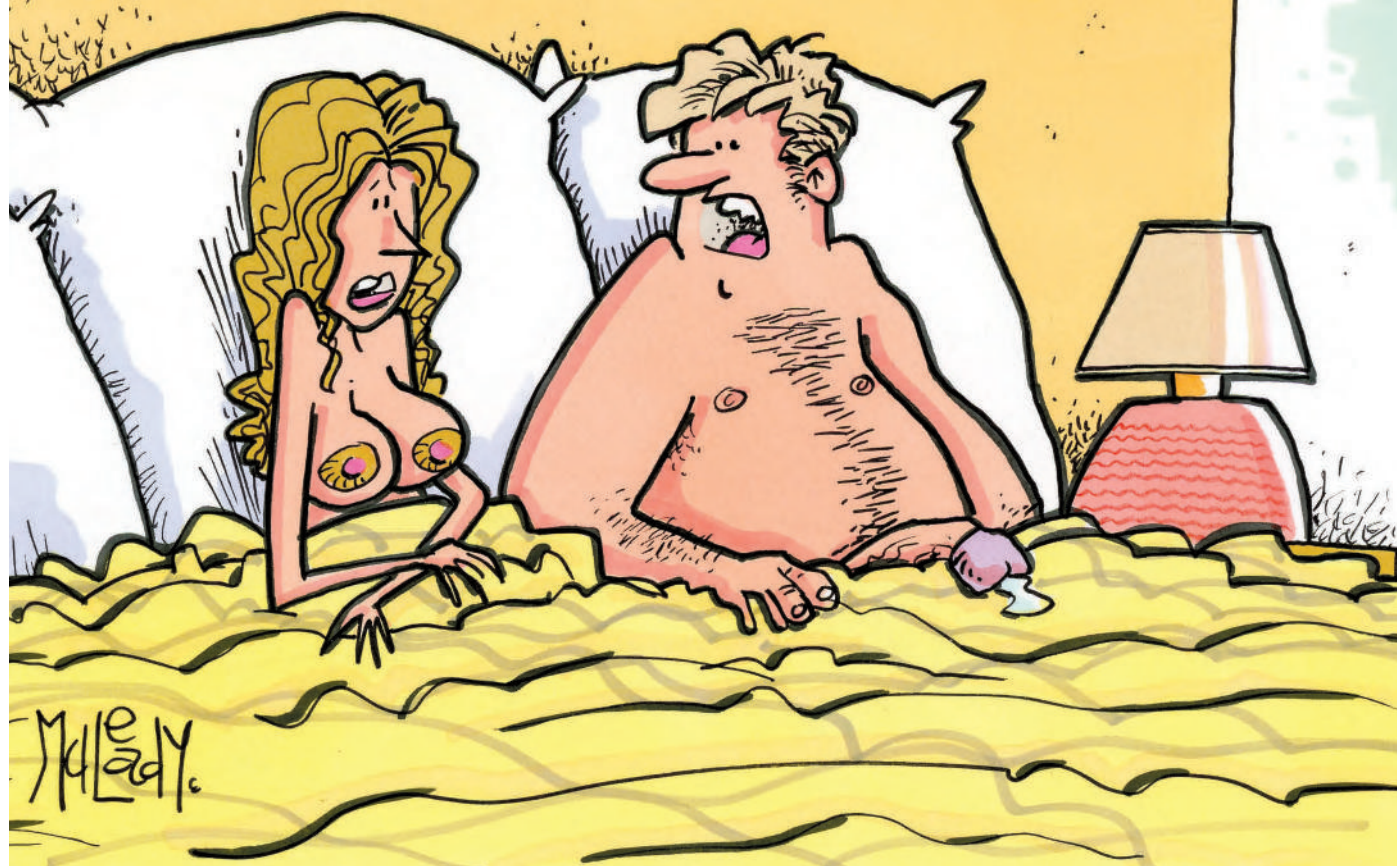
By nature the Secret Service needs to keep a low profile. But according to the 2015 Congressional report and many other credible sources, its management culture is corrupt, sexist and racist, and has been for years. Many employees told the House Committee on Oversight and Government Reform they'd been instructed not to cooperate with investigators and said that retaliation for reporting problems was systemic. (The reason behind the investigation? Back in 2012 a prostitute in a foreign country went to local police after an agent refused to pay up. After that made front pages, according to a complaint received by the Office of Inspector General, employees were forced to sign a newly created "Non-Disclosure agreement...a 'gag order' which prohibits agents from openly discussing things outside the workplace that could 'negatively impact the mission' of the Service, or that could cause the USSS to be subject to criminal or civil penalties.")

It's hard to fix problems no one can talk about, so no surprise that morale continues to be a major problem. In 2015 the Secret Service ranked 319 out of 320 in a "Best Places to Work in the Federal Government" study, so on the positive side, there's at least one place shittier.

Secret Service spokesperson Nicole Mainer tells HUSTLER that the agency has undergone "a significant restructure since 2012." Among other changes, now there's an employee misconduct hotline (the fact that it's internal misses the point) and an electronic suggestion box. "These things aren't going to happen overnight," says Mainer. Or ever.

I give the
worst
blowjobs.

That's not true.
Your sister is
way worse
than you.



M4Leady.

RILEY NIXON

OVER THE EDGE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM







I cut off all my hair last year. I was going through huge changes and feeling strong, and this haircut put me over the edge. It was the best feeling in the world, buzzing it off in that bathtub. I love changing people's minds about what they consider beautiful or attractive.

"Things you should know about me: I'm Canadian, so I'm really missing poutine, Tim Hortons and ketchup chips, which apparently don't exist here. I like sex in cars, prefer to be dominated, and love my little heart out any way I can."













RILEY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Brandon, Manitoba** | AGE: **21** | HEIGHT: **5-5** | MEASUREMENTS: **32D-24-35**
FAVORITE POSITION: **On my belly** | TWITTER: **@RileyNixon_** | INSTAGRAM: **@RileyNixon**



WHEELER WALKER JR. EATIN' PUSSY

LIKE ROY ROGERS AND GENE AUTRY BEFORE HIM, WHEELER WALKER JR. IS A SINGING COWBOY. BUT UNLIKE YOUR GRANDDADDY'S HEROES, THIS HAT-WEARING HILLBILLY IS MORE LIKELY TO CROON TUNES LIKE "FUCK YOU BITCH" THAN "HAPPY TRAILS." HIS DEBUT ALBUM, *REDNECK SHIT*, IS EXACTLY AS ADVERTISED: HILARIOUS, EXPLICIT COUNTRY SONGS ABOUT EVERYTHING FROM FUCKING, "CAN'T FUCK YOU OFF MY MIND," TO MASTURBATION, "BETTER OFF BEATIN' OFF," TO THE ULTIMATE TITTY-FLASHING ANTHEM "DROP 'EM OUT." PART OUTLAW COUNTRY SINGER, PART XXX COMIC, WHEELER WALKER JR. IS THE BASTARD SON OF JOHNNY CASH AND ANDREW DICE CLAY. BUT IS HE THE REAL DEAL OR JUST A SOUTHERN-FRIED HOAX? THAT'S WHAT I AIMED TO FIND OUT WHEN I SAT DOWN WITH THE MAN AT AN OLD COWBOY HOTEL IN CALIFORNIA CALLED THE SPORTSMEN'S LODGE.



WALKER JR.

KICKIN' ASS



INTERVIEW BY KEITH VALCOURT
PHOTOGRAPHY BY NORRIS SMITH

HUSTLER: Are you for real?
WHEELER WALKER JR.: Yeah, man. I'm for fuckin' real.

Lots of people say you're just a comedian pretending to be a filthy country singer.

Yeah. People say I'm Zach Galifianakis. Some dude called me this comedian Ben Hoffman. I hear all the shit. I'm as real as real is in show business. It is showbiz! His real name ain't Bono. It ain't Elton John. It ain't Elvis Costello. You know, I don't dress like this when I'm in my living room, but neither does fuckin' Garth [Brooks], I'm sure.

Where you from?

I was born and raised in Kentucky, but my family roots are in Nashville.

You live in Nashville now. Do you prefer it over Kentucky?

Now I like Kentucky better because Nashville's changed. When I was a kid, Nashville was a ghost town. You would run into fucking Crystal Gayle at the swap meet. Now it's Hollywood. People move there every day, and it's just kind of ruining the town. The diners I went to with

son and [Chris] Stapleton. People say, "You're here to save country music." I'm not here to save country music. I'm not getting played on the radio. Can't be on TV. The record is banned from all the chain stores. Really, no mainstream media. This is a HUSTLER interview.

Why is your album called *Redneck Shit*?

Well, I'm from Kentucky, and wherever I used to go, people would have these ideas of what Kentucky is. When I was a kid, I would leave town, and people would say, "Oh, you're from Kentucky? You're a fucking redneck." Like our buddy Mr. Flynt is from Kentucky. Being called a redneck used to kind of piss me off. They would make fun of my mom's accent. So with this record I said, "Well, if this is what you think a redneck is, I'll just sing what you think a redneck is." I get called it all the time. I guess I'm embracing it.

Do you consider being called a redneck a compliment or an insult?

I don't think it's either. It doesn't bother me. I always get pissed when I go to a club in Boston or wherever, and I'm the fucking redneck from Kentucky. I've met bigger rednecks in fucking New

**"NO ONE [EATS PUSSY] AS MUCH AS I SING ABOUT,
BUT I TRY TO AS MUCH AS I FUCKING CAN."**

my grandpa are now hip restaurants. I don't care about that shit. If my album sold 5 million copies, I still wouldn't eat at fancy restaurants. At the end of the day I never leave my fucking house anyways. Same TV everywhere. Nashville? Kentucky? It don't fucking matter.

How do you fit into Nashville's pop-country scene?

The honest truth is, I was never part of that scene. I never was that into it. Then I made the record, and that's when I started doing research into what was going on musically. People think that I made this in reaction to Nashville's sound. But I did this record as a reaction to all the bullshit I was going through personally. After I made the record, I thought, *Some good country people are gonna dig this*. And someone said, "Have you heard country music lately?" I didn't listen to that shit. When I turned it on, I couldn't fucking believe what I heard. It was just so fucking bad. It wasn't country. It was pop crap rap kinda country. Like some cracker rap or some shit. Look, I like hip hop. I like N.W.A., Public Enemy. I was listening to Too Short on the way to this interview. If I'm gonna listen to hip hop, I'm going to listen to hip hop. But not on country radio! It's just cultural appropriation or whatever they call it. White guys with their baseball caps on backward rapping? How is that country?

After I made the record, that was when I flipped out. Because as you can tell by the title of the record, I don't give a fuck. You can't even put it in a store. I just started ripping on artists. Some artists I like of course, but there are a lot of people I rip on when I go on social media. It's kind of a thing in music and entertainment that you're not supposed to talk shit about other artists. I don't know if you've seen my Twitter, but I obviously don't abide by that.

Is it your job to save country music?

My thing is the same as these new guys that I love, like Sturgill Simp-

York City than in Kentucky. Those dumbasses. In the new Nashville it's weird to hear redneck jokes because all these fucking guys from New York and New Jersey and Seattle have moved to Nashville. All of a sudden I'm a fucking redneck? You moved here, motherfucker.

Is it true the album's original title was going to be *Pussy*?

The pose you see on the cover is that Michael Jackson *Thriller* pose. A lot of country musicians do that pose. Everyone does that fucking pose. He had a tiger on his cover. I wanted to do the same pose and get a cat. Call it *Pussy*. Then some lawyer said, "Michael Jackson's estate could fucking sue. You think you lost money now, wait till they get ahold of you." I thought, *All right, I won't fuck with them*. I didn't want to deal with that cat at the fucking photoshoot anyway.

Have you been tempted to release a clean version of the record to get mainstream acceptance?

That would ruin the whole thing. People have asked for a clean version, but that's not the point I'm making. My point is, because I'm playing real country music, nobody is gonna play it anyway. So why clean it up?

I know you take yourself seriously, but there is a lot of comedy on the record.

Of course it's funny. All the great artists were funny. Waylon was funny. Willie was funny. All these dudes were funny. Half the time I'm in the studio, I'm trying to get the drummer to crack up so he fucks up the drum. He's too good. I got him a couple times. You go in there understanding there are no rules to anything. You're paying for it and putting it out yourself. Why not have fun?



Because you paid for this record yourself, were you nervous?

I was almost the opposite of nervous. Most people go into a studio saying, "Man, I need a hit!" The best songs are never gonna get played on the radio. The cleanest song is gonna get banned from every fucking record store in America. So where is the nervousness? Going in there knowing I'm making an unmarketable, unplayable record? Fuck it. I went in there expecting failure. That's why when it came out, it debuted in the top ten of the country charts. Maybe if you had told me in the studio I was gonna have a top ten record, I would have gotten nervous. I just didn't give a shit. For the next one,

I'm gonna take whatever people like about this one and do the opposite. The point is to work as hard as I can to strive for failure.

Are these songs real life experiences or fantasies?

They are sort of both. When you write a song, you try to write about yourself, your experiences. Sometimes [it's] what I wish my life would be. It's hard to get your real life to fucking rhyme sometimes. I consider it a very personal record. Certain songs are how I want my life to be... "The Good Ole Days." My life is probably never as good or as bad as it is on the album. >>

Let's talk about some of the songs. "Eatin' Pussy/Kickin' Ass"—is it important to eat the pussy before you kick ass?

You're talking about what songs are real and what songs are less real. That's more of a story song about what real life could be like. That's back to the redneck shit part of it. When they ask me what I did today, I say, "Woke up. Ate some pussy. Kicked some ass."

Then you're not eating pussy as much as you suggest in the song?

No one does it as much as I sing about, but I try to as much as I fucking can.

Micheal Douglas thinks eating pussy gave him throat cancer? Do you worry about that?

I don't know, man. I ain't dating Catherine Zeta-Jones. She could have a toxic pussy. But he's still running around, right? He seems fine.

When are you "Better off Beatin' Off"?

It happens all the time. Especially as you get older. You're getting ready to meet up with your friends, try to pick up some girls. Put on your boots. Put on your deodorant. You get ready. You're about to go out. It's like 9, 9:30. And you think, *Fuck it. It's not worth it. I know I can beat off. There's a chance I could get laid. But there is a hundred percent chance I can beat off. Why go out? Cut out the middleman. Stay home.* The song is about how it's not worth the trouble.

When you beat off, is HUSTLER Magazine involved?

I'm a big fan of HUSTLER. I talked on the Joe Rogan podcast about my love for Larry Flynt. He's always been a hero of mine. Part of what I'm doing is possible because of what Larry Flynt did. I don't think people understand how important he was. People hear his name and just go, "Oh, yeah, pictures of pussy." The crazy shit, he fucking fought hard to make sure a lot of people can fucking do what they do. I don't think he gets the respect he deserves. The history of HUSTLER Magazine—there was some really funny shit. It pushed the envelope, and it was fucking crazy and funny and cool. It wasn't just tits.

When was the first time you ever saw a HUSTLER?

In Kentucky. When you're a teenager—you don't know the origin, but those things just sort of start floating around. Somebody's parents were out of the house, and between the mattress and box spring, you took a look, and there it was.

No one ever hides money between their box spring and mattress.

Because you don't hide your money where your fucking porno mags are. That's where the whole fucking world has changed, man. I think you know I premiered the album on Pornhub. A hub for porn? If I had had this shit as a kid? Holy shit, man, I would have never left the house. The access you have? But I still like reading a HUSTLER. As a kid, you beat off till you're fucking raw. But as you get older, you slow



down and maybe read a couple stories. It's good shit. Somebody told me *Playboy* ain't got nudes no more?

They got rid of all nudity in *Playboy*.

Smart. [Laughs.] That thing they used to say—"People read it for the articles"—didn't they know that was just a joke?

So, still talking nudity, on average, how many titties get exposed when you play "Drop 'Em Out"?

Well, it's an even number...most nights. And it's more and more every show. There have been some guys too, which I'd rather not see. I don't know...have fun, but maybe stay a couple rows back.

How did the song "Fuck You Bitch" come about?

That came from real life—you know, when you're being an asshole and the girl dumps you. She leaves your ass. You know it's your fault, know you fucked up. She's walking out, and under your breath you mutter, "Oh, yeah, fuck you, bitch." You're angry. I wanted to show that in a song. I wanted it to be the real emotion I felt at that moment. Was the girl really a bitch? In the long run, no. When I sing those words, I can feel how I felt in that moment. And people feel it too.

You also have some gay stuff on the record like the song "Which One O' You Queers Gonna Suck My Dick?"

My whole thing is, I just wanna piss off fucking everybody. That's my

"MY WHOLE THING IS, I JUST WANNA PISS OFF FUCKING EVERYBODY. THAT'S MY GOAL."

Every show there's more and more people dropping 'em out. We played a gig outside of D.C., and some girl dropped out her belly. Obviously she didn't know what the song was about. She was so drunk, they kicked her out.

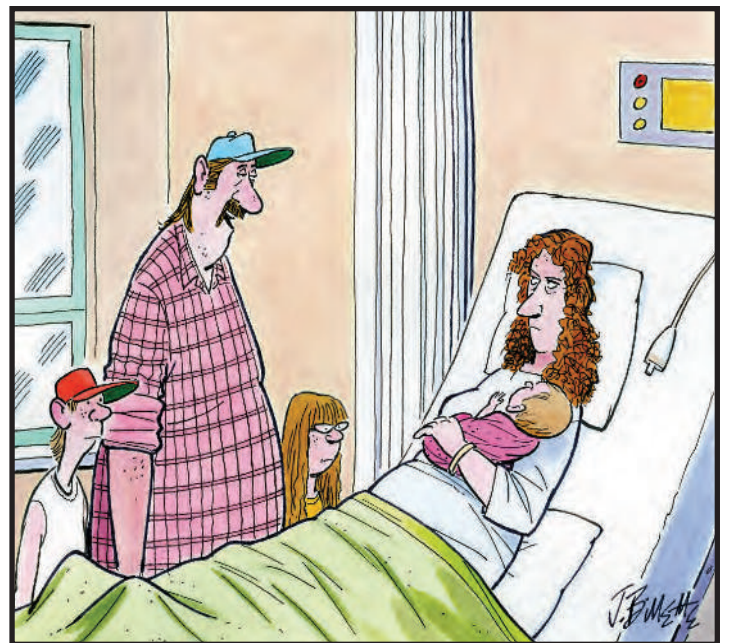
goal. I don't hear any gay shit in country music. I got gay friends, and I feel bad that they ain't got nothing to listen to. The music on my album is traditional country. The people that love traditional country don't wanna hear that kind of language. The people who want to hear that kind of language don't wanna listen to country music. That was my way of making sure nobody fucking listened to the thing.

Is that another story song that didn't really happen?

I'm gonna take the Fifth on that. **H**

You can purchase Redneck Shit on iTunes or Amazon. (Hell, you can even buy it on vinyl!) And entertain yourself with Wheeler's raunchy Twitter rantings @WheelerWalkerJr.

THANKS TO TRUCK MCCARTHY, NICOLE CLITMAN AND SHANE BLAIR FOR UPPING THE ANTE ON OUR PHOTOSHOOT.



"They say you were a real champ in that delivery room today, babe! So...you fixin' supper tonight or what?!"

JADE JANTZEN

GOOD MOVE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS







The first time I tried porn, I was 18. I did it just that once, for the money. A year and a half flew by, and I was working at this restaurant as a cocktail waitress. I was really furious at all my coworkers and fed up with the manager's bullshit. I said, 'Fuck this shit. I quit. I'm going to go do porn!' Everyone said, 'I always knew that girl was a slut.' I figured, let them talk about their miserable lives back in the kitchen. I'll travel the world and make money. Best decision ever.

"Working in the industry has helped me to develop the same qualities I look for in a partner: confidence, motivation, intelligence. Someone that's edgy. Somebody that can keep a conversation going. Someone who knows calling a person a slut is a compliment, not an insult."







THE NUDE ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM

LIVE FROM THE 2-1-5, JESSA JORDAN REPORTS
ON HER LIFE AS A BLACK ANARCHIST STRIPPER
DURING THE 2016 DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL
CONVENTION IN PHILADELPHIA.

By day I bend light and arch limbs as a fine art nude model, but by moonrise nearly every Thursday and Saturday you can find me twirling and twerking in a popular dive bar in South Philly.

The beginning of my week is usually spent planning modeling work and performing administrative upkeep for my NSFW subscriber content app, JessaJordan.findrow.com. It's also my chance to center myself. Lately I've been splitting time between my budding lifestyle T-shirt company, BrownGirlParty, and the local autonomous research collective, Praxis. With three weekly meetings to organize various Praxis projects, I completely ignored the Democratic National Convention's first day.

The DNC swept across Philly weeks before any delegate—super or otherwise—shuffled onto a city sidewalk. Stylized Democratic Party donkeys representing each U.S. state and territory popped up from the Museum of Art to City Hall. Banners rode the midsummer breeze along Market and Broad Streets, while large posters advertised tickets for “PoliticalFest” in all subway stations and bus terminals around Center City. But the bus marquees proclaiming “Welcome DNC” were the real beginning of the end to me; overnight nearly 400 Southeastern Pennsylvania Transportation Authority (SEPTA) buses changed their displays to reflect the impending convention that descended on our little metropolis on Monday, July 25th.

With its all-star roster of celebrities, politicians, pundits and protestors, the DNC caused an uncomfortable spike in the police presence downtown. It's normal to see a few cops riding a SEPTA train car at rush hour; that Monday I noticed at least one officer posted at nearly every entrance of the Broad Street-line train as I rode home from a photoshoot in the afternoon. That's anywhere from three to five cops per car, a series of blue and black uniforms peppering the sea of civilian faces on orange and chrome trains. For those who still have the privilege of feeling calm—or even reassured—around the Big Boys in Blue, this may seem to be a nonissue; what's wrong with a little more safety at a time rife with social tension and political instability? But it had little to do with safety. It was more a warning for those interested in political action: Assemble at your own risk. >>

REPORT BY JESSA JORDAN
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CASSANDRA PANEK

WorldMags.net





I was already pretty aggravated that the group RideDNC had used a photograph of me taken at last year's Philly Naked Bike Ride for an article written about them on Metro.us. Their idea of protest was a large assortment of bicyclists riding around Franklin Delano Roosevelt Park (aka FDR) near South Philly's Wells Fargo Center, where the convention was held. I hadn't authorized the use of the image, and I didn't particularly support their type of liberal, passive action. I'm an anarchist, so any movement working toward anything short of completely destroying all current political systems is irrelevant.

The radical group Philly Coalition for R.E.A.L. Justice had organized two marches on July 26th. The first was the People of Color

and marching together. Many carried signs attacking political corruption, homophobia and racism. They chanted familiar, fierce slogans, like "Hey, hey, ho, ho! Racist cops have got to go!" and "Hands up, fight back!"

Seeing hundreds of citizens gathered in solidarity was incredible but bittersweet. Political movement in the United States, as displayed by groups like Black Lives Matter, the Justice Policy Institute and the National LGBTQ Task Force, always seeks to reform existing social, economic and political structures. This hinders their overall ability to incite real change by forming new structures and subsequently developing a better society.

I'M AN ANARCHIST, SO ANY MOVEMENT WORKING TOWARD ANYTHING SHORT OF COMPLETELY DESTROYING ALL CURRENT POLITICAL SYSTEMS IS IRRELEVANT.

March in North Philadelphia at 2 p.m. The second was the official DNC protest scheduled for 4 p.m. at City Hall. Tuesday reached a high of 90 with a white-hot sun beaming down from a vacant sky. I caught the end of the second march.

Dissenters assembled and disturbed traffic at the city's busiest intersections, 15th and Market and Broad from Chestnut Street to City Hall's south entrance. We attempted to march onto the Vine Street Expressway, but the Philadelphia Police Department employed its strongest negotiated management techniques and eventually ushered protestors away from the highway on-ramps. The massive group was fairly diverse, with white, brown and black people unified

On Wednesday evening I finally got down to the DNC. Between the convention detours and construction, trekking through South Philadelphia was damn near impossible without a bike and, in the sweltering heat, downright miserable, but that's Philly in July in a nutshell.

I took the subway to the last stop, but I couldn't have contrasted more with the car's other riders. My Afro towered over the ocean of mostly white, young to middle-aged men and women in suits and ties. Their shoes shined like the teeth in their smug faces. Meanwhile I waited for the door to open at AT&T Station in scuffed red Doc Martens, gray cutoff shorts and a cut-up black tank top that read, "Revolutionary Minded."



Clusters of cops and suits milled between FDR Park and the Wells Fargo Center. There were two lines: one for attendees and guests of the convention and another general entrance for those more interested in getting politicians to acknowledge their anger and agendas.

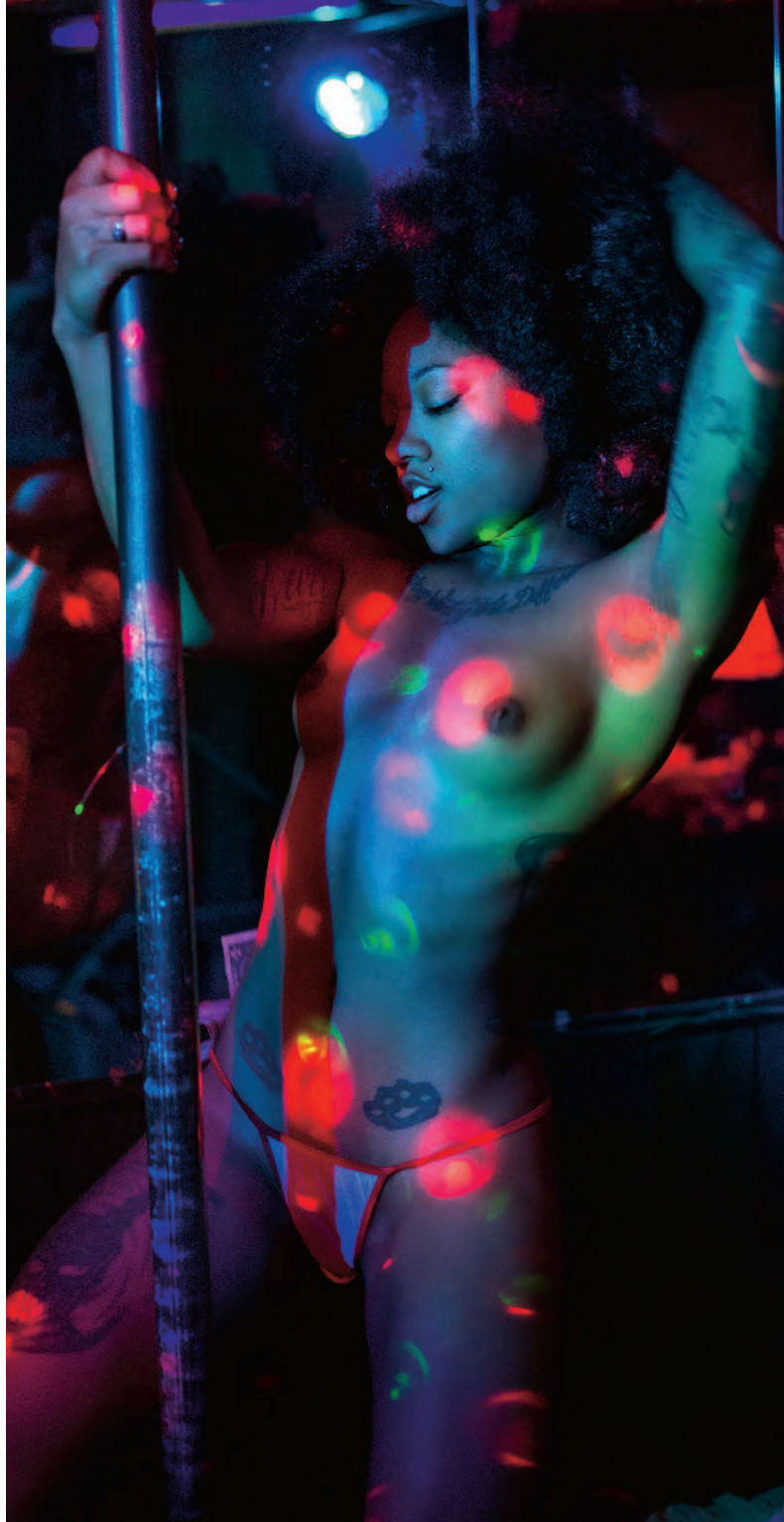
I was immediately swarmed by photographers, both novice and professional, interested in capturing my “style.” I declined most, especially those attempting to photograph me without my consent and those using their phones—that’s a real struggle, going to a protest and dealing with a bunch of entitled brats who want to objectify me. I wasn’t there for the male gaze and sought out as many women as I could both for conversation and solidarity. I wanted to understand their stories, to find what was missing from the conversations being held.

I met Dani, a homeless woman residing in a West Philly co-op. Her eyes were sleepless and red-rimmed though still dazzling blue under street lamps. “I just appreciate you taking the time to talk to me and not ignoring me. The cops have been crazy this week, trying to clear us out of our homes. They don’t want these people to see us and how bad the city is doing. They hate us. But tell me, when did the right to exist get revoked just because you lost a physical home? How can they treat us this way?” She lamented that surveillance of her, her husband and their commune had tripled since July 20th, with drones following their every move to make sure they weren’t coming too close to the University City border near 30th Street Station.

Soon after, I met a couple who wanted to remain anonymous. The woman was adorned in beautiful draping scarves and wielded a sign that read, “RELEASE MY CHILDREN; THEY’RE NOT YOUR FREE LABOR.” Reflect on the fact that her children had been illegally taken by Colorado police and placed into social services because the couple, like many others in the approaching legalization of marijuana in Colorado, was growing medicinal weed on their property. The state ruled them unfit parents and cited their home as unsafe for the underage children. According to the Juvenile Rehabilitation Authority’s 2008 report, at least one-third of youth in Colorado’s juvenile justice system are or have been in the foster care system, creating a pipeline to the adult prisons. As it stands, the current for-profit prison industrial complex is responsible for simultaneously disenfranchising people socially and economically before, during and after their incarceration. It needs not a facelift, but a funeral. I left FDR feeling even more disenchanted than I already had been.

I didn’t know what odds the Sex Work Gods would bring the week of the convention.

Our small club is popular for its location on the border of the Gray’s Ferry/Point Breeze/West Passyunk neighborhoods. Family-owned and operated for over 20 years, we dance on the first floor of a row home converted into a go-go bar. It operates almost like a discreet speak-easy, where you even have to ring the right doorbell to enter. The dancers within the club are like a dysfunctional family. Think of us as the stripper doppelgangers of the Spice Girls. There’s our resident ginger goth: Dante, the VampireFreaks.com take on Ginger Spice, who’s all sass and smiles in black thick-framed glasses, chunky heels and her signature pairing of ripped fishnets with burgundy lipstick. Our veteran stripper—the Sporty Spice of the group—is lovingly known as Willow, a fellow black girl with long and glorious dark curls who performs the ceiling-grazing pole tricks clients adore. Without a doubt, I’m more of a punk Scary Spice, simultaneously channeling 1970s disco divas and political upstarts with my signature Afro and full back and sleeve tattoos. Our Baby Spice is a fierce, blond



mohawk-sporting Riot grrrl named Luna, a stripper-turned-bartender often found rattling off hilarious anecdotes, cigarette in hand. The new girl, Harper, is our Posh Spice: a quiet, pale redhead who usually wears glasses, delicate balcony bras and lace knickers. Occasionally we’re joined by Patti Poison, an alternative burlesque and sideshow performer; one of the sweetest Philly transplants I’ve met, Patti is a real life living deal girl who dances to everything from Biggie Smalls to The Cramps.

We have an assortment of dedicated misfit regulars everyone knows and greets by name, like Nick, an adorable first-generation Italian baby boomer who slurs through his fragmented English compliments on Saturday nights between big toothy smiles and cackles whenever >>



we become lost in translation. Or Dan, a scatterbrained Southwest Philly native who regales us with tales from his stint as a racing bookie in Delaware and his abuse fetish (ask Luna to show you the video of her punching him after he repeatedly begged her for a knuckle sandwich). Or Redd, a soft-spoken ginger radio DJ, at home on the last barstool in the corner of the bar. Most of our clients are harmless old perverts, sometimes as much as 40 years our senior, and we love them for it. The conversations are easy as long as no one loses sight of the obvious: We work for tips, nothing is free, and we'll be quick to slap you if you grab our asses without our consent.

Luna tells me that on Wednesday night patrons were eager to discuss politics and their concerns regarding the DNC and the upcoming

our last hour (we're open until 3:30 a.m.). A crowd arrived at 2:07 totaling around 20 people.

One group introduced themselves as Muhammad, Josh and Becky. "How's your night been so far?" I asked Muhammad. He said everything had gone wrong. "I tried to go to *The Daily Show*; that didn't happen. Then we tried to go to one of the [DNC] after-parties, but they wouldn't let us in, so I dunno." That led them to our club because it was the only place they could still drink; Philly bars traditionally close at 2 a.m.

As Muhammad spoke, Josh—who was closest to me—reached around my back to squeeze my waist. Annoyed, I wordlessly put distance between us to try to get him to stop touching me. We hadn't introduced ourselves yet, and he was already gripping up on me just

SO IF MY TITS GET SOMEONE TO PAY ATTENTION, I'LL SHOW THEM.
IF MY ASS SHAKING CAN GARNER EMPATHY AND UNDERSTANDING,
I'LL USE THAT TOO.

election, but in typical fashion she shut them down. "I don't let them. I just straight tell people, 'Not at my fucking bar.'" I imagined a bar full of straitlaced DNC pundits returning home to brag about being "brave" enough to explore a local Philly watering hole.

Thursday, the final day of the convention, continued with furious heat, humidity and protests. I mentally prepared myself for the hurdles that evening, smoking a joint in bed to begin the day, followed by tea in the early afternoon and a bath with a glass of Cabernet Sauvignon before I went to work. My body was ready; I couldn't be sure about my mind.

Patti, Willow and Harper rounded out the dancers for the night. Outside of a few friends and two regulars, the club was dead until

because I was topless. But I realized I was trying to make sense of the actions of a drunk, entitled "good guy." Josh spent the last 15 minutes we were open embarrassing himself with attempts to "fall in love" with Patti while she tried to count out her tips and leave. She didn't notice his khaki-clad boner until the second time he walked up to her. Four times he approached her and was rejected. I kept a protective eye on them from a few feet away, close enough to see the revolting hope and eagerness in Josh's eyes.

I considered the night a success given I'd only had to walk away from one conversation. Around 2:45 a group of aging anarchists cornered me in the back of the bar by our private dance section.

The most vocal member, Martin, was a tall brunet wearing a dark green T-shirt. He caught my eye as I walked across the room during one of my many post-stage tip collection struts. When I finally found myself in the back of the room with his group, he actually stood up as he spoke—the universal sign you take yourself too seriously. *Pre-tentious Clown*, I nicknamed him in my head. He slurred through salient points and desires all anarchists know all too well: burn the system, smash the state, rinse, repeat, do not pass go, etc. I appreciated the camaraderie, but it was just too late in the night, and they weren't tipping. Most anarchists fail to realize that the desire to dismantle the state doesn't negate the fact that we still currently exist in a capitalist society, so my labor and entertainment—any sex work in general—ain't free.

"I'm amazed that you're an anarchist and you work here," he said at one point. "How do you do it?"

With a smirk, I replied, "Pole tricks and radical political action: getcha self a girl who can do both." I left before he could start over-zealously quoting Marx to me, but thanked his female companion, who was wearing a killer outfit and kind of resembled an older Maggie Gyllenhaal.

Across the city, on Spring Garden Street, girls dancing at Delilah's were able to pull in a fuckton more than their average. However, Delilah's is Philadelphia's premiere gentleman's club. I wouldn't expect anything less when their dancers exemplify the typical stripper fantasy: thin, attractive, cisgender, able, heterosexual, mostly white women.

Angel, a Latinx dancer I know who bounces between shifts at both Delilah's and Daydreams, made it clear that Delilah's girls were caking the entire week the DNC took place, making anywhere from \$900

to \$2,500 nightly. "It was mixed reviews for everyone else," she told me Friday morning in a brief Facebook IM exchange. "I have a few buddies who danced at Cheerleaders, Risque and Daydreams." Apparently their numbers didn't even come close to Delilah's dancers. I tried not to be envious. Even though that kind of money could further the goals I have for BrownGirlParty, I would kick rocks before I gave a lap dance to some piece of shit politician and indulged him in polite conversation about how much of a difference he thinks he's making in the world. I am a socially conscious black stripper.

Many are quick to dismiss my opinion—the Madonna-whore complex usually strikes exotic dancers condescendingly as, "You don't have a dog in this fight, topless girl. Be quiet with that ring of dollars around your waist. You're pretty, be stupid, and just let me look at you." The typical "seen but unheard" rhetoric is just as exhausting as it sounds. I've found that my physical body and beauty have also given me a voice that no one can silence. So if my tits get someone to pay attention, I'll show them. If my ass shaking can garner empathy and understanding, I'll use that too. They might not be the conventional tools of a revolutionary, but I choose to weaponize my femininity and leave my mark on this world with the power to deconstruct, to transform, to educate and to heal. Although there are people, like my boss and even like my mom—who believe in the current two-party system and whatever version of direct democracy America thinks it subscribes to, I don't have that luxury. Whether it falls on the crux of my blackness or womanhood, I can't trust nor uphold a system that continues to fail nonwhite, nonbinary, nonable, nonrich and nonpartisan peoples. I may entertain it until the revolution strikes, but my criticisms and contempt will never be swayed. **H**

Jessa's everywhere! Here's the list: JessaJordan.com, JessaJordan.findrow.com, BrownGirlParty.Tumblr.com and [@MissJessaJordan](https://www.instagram.com/MissJessaJordan) on Instagram, Twitter and Facebook.



"I'm concerned, gentlemen! Sure, we've subdued unions, bought politicians, kept wages ridiculously low and reduced benefits—but I still believe we can do more to completely destroy America!"



NAOMI WOODS

**HOPELESS
ROMANTIC**
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DAVE NAZ









I have a thing for public sex. It's just so risky. One time me and my ex were hanging outside on our porch. It was in the middle of the day, and we just fucked right there. I sat on his lap, wearing a long dress to hide his dick, and I was sitting reverse. We took our time. It was a trip riding him and waving to the mailman between thrusts. So much fun! Now there isn't a place left in my neighborhood where I haven't climaxed.

"I like hopeless romantics, the ones you can stay up late with and talk about the universe and your hopes and dreams. My favorite position is doggy, but if I really like you, I'll want to ride it. If you get a room, fine. But I'd rather fuck in the elevator."









NAOMI'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Omaha, Nebraska** | AGE: **20** | HEIGHT: **5-5** | MEASUREMENTS: **34B-22-32**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy** | TWITTER: **@NaomiWoodsXXX**



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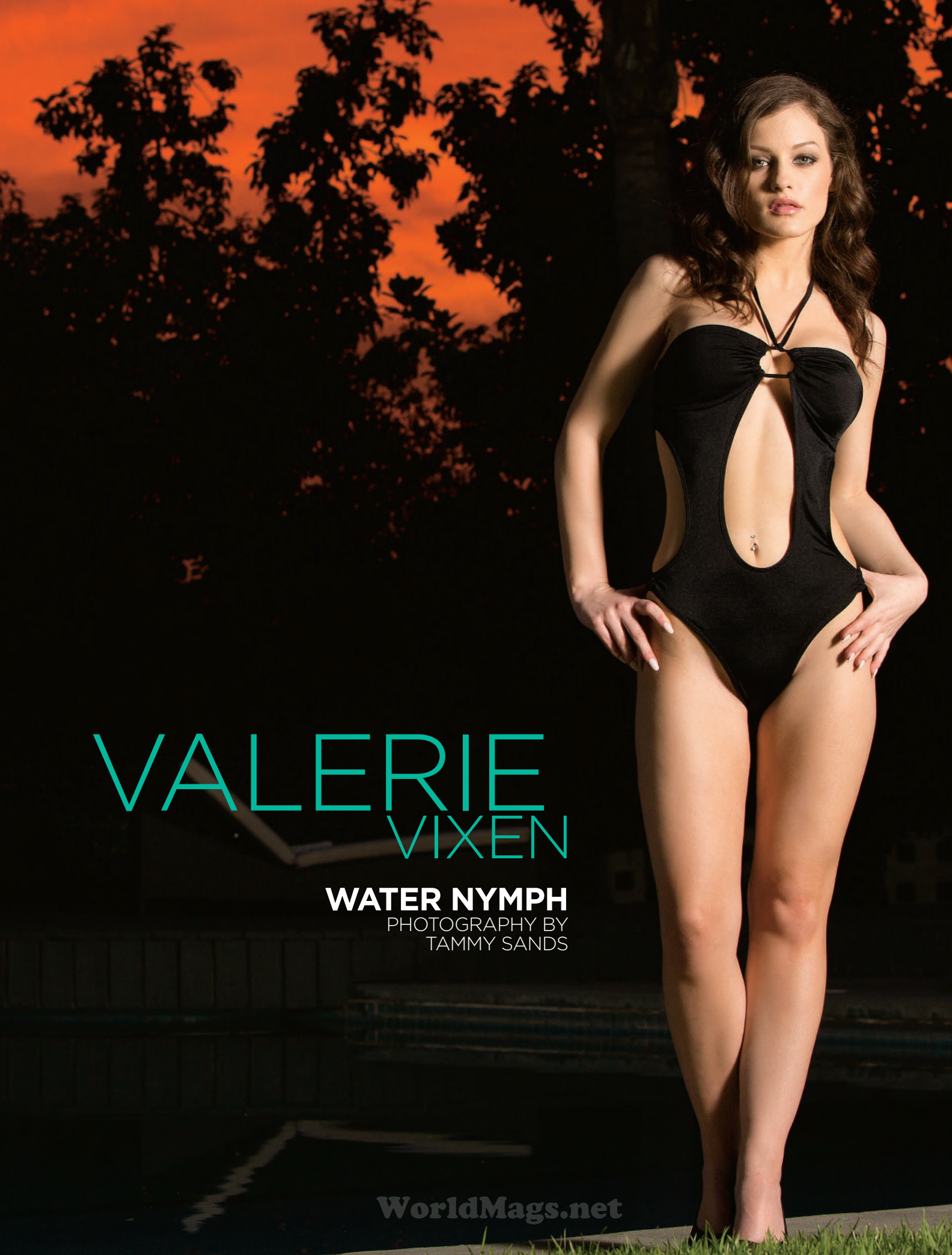
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A CRAZY LUNATIC
WHO WILL GET US IN A
NUCLEAR WAR, AND WE
WILL ALL BE INCINERATED.

YEAH, HE MIGHT GET US
ALL INCINERATED, BUT
AT LEAST HE'S WHITE.



A full-page photograph of Valerie Vixen standing by a swimming pool at sunset. She is wearing a black, form-fitting one-piece swimsuit with a halter-style top and large cutouts on the sides and front. Her hands are on her hips, and she is looking directly at the camera. The background features a pool, a fence, and trees silhouetted against a bright orange and red sky.

VALERIE VIXEN

WATER NYMPH
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
TAMMY SANDS









A full-page photograph of a woman posing in a swimming pool. She is nude, with her hands clasped behind her head, looking towards the camera. Her hair is wet and dark. The pool's blue tiled bottom is visible beneath her. The lighting is soft, highlighting the contours of her body.

Honestly, what makes sex great for me is bondage, role-play or having another girl involved. I had my first threeway last year, and I'm kind of obsessed with them now. My guy and I went to a strip club and picked up this gorgeous Bolivian girl with the most amazing body and the sexiest accent. We ended up taking her home with us, and she and I were all over each other. I've always been attracted to girls, but it was the first time I'd ever had another girl go down on me. It was magical. There is just something about the female form in all of its soft, perky, curvy glory that drives me absolutely crazy."







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VALERIE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **San Diego, California**

AGE: **23** | HEIGHT: **5-2**

MEASUREMENTS: **33D-24-33**

FAVORITE POSITION: **My legs over his shoulders**

TWITTER: **@ValerieVixxen**

INSTAGRAM: **@SeduceReuseRecycle**



John was mowing his yard when his attractive blond neighbor walked out of her house and over to the mailbox. She opened it, peered in, slammed it shut and stormed back home. Five minutes later the woman came back out and repeated the entire scenario.

As John prepared to trim his hedges, the blonde again marched out to check her still empty mailbox. Puzzled by her actions, he called to the enraged woman. "Something wrong?"

"There sure is," she said, stomping her feet. "My stupid computer keeps telling me, 'You've got mail!'"

Question: Why do men tend to laugh when they fart?

Answer: It tickles their brain on the way out.

A little old lady answered a knock on the door one day and was greeted by a young man carrying a vacuum cleaner. "Good morning," said the eager salesman. "If I could have a few minutes of your time, I'd like to demonstrate the latest in high-powered vacuums."

"Beat it," said the woman. "I don't have any money. I'm broke."

She tried closing the door, but the man wedged his way in. "Don't be so hasty," he said. "At least see my demonstration." And with that he emptied a bucket of horse manure on the floor. "If this machine doesn't remove every last trace, I will personally eat the remainder."

The granny stepped back and smiled.

"I hope you brought your appetite. They cut off my electricity this morning."

Bill went to an expensive lingerie boutique to buy a negligee for his girlfriend. He was shown several and opted for the most expensive, a pink little number that set him back \$500. When he got home, he asked his woman to go upstairs, put it on and model it for him.

This is so sheer, it might as well be nothing, she thought. When she saw the price tag, she decided not to put it on and to do the modeling naked, figuring she could return the negligee the next day and keep the \$500 for herself. She stood

at the top of the stairs naked, called for Bill and struck a pose.

"For fuck's sake!" exclaimed the disappointed boyfriend. "You'd think for \$500 bucks they'd at least iron out the wrinkles."

"It's amazing," said the blonde, looking up from her newspaper. "The Lord gets it right every time."

"How's that?" asked her husband.

"Folks always die in alphabetical order."

An Amish husband, wife and son visited a mall for the first time. While the mother shopped, father and son stood mystified in front of an elevator.

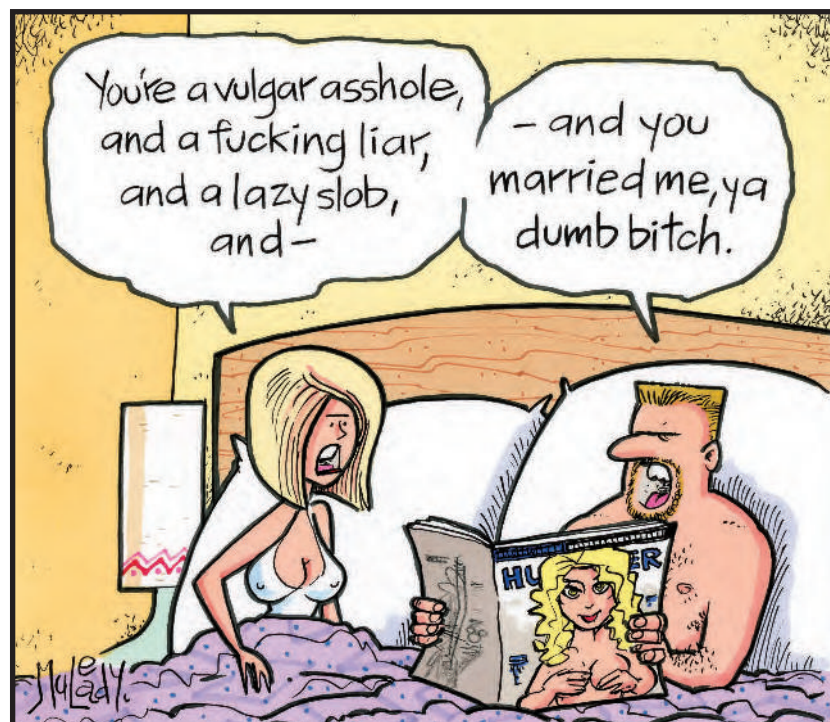
An elderly lady entered the strange, silvery closet. They watched in awe as the doors slid shut behind her and the numbers above moved up and back down. When the doors opened, a beautiful young woman stepped out.

"Quick, son—go get your mother!"

Question: What has four legs and one arm?

Answer: A pit bull at recess.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to HUSTLER@LFP.com. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!



SAM, HONEY— HOW COME JEWISH GUYS
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IT'S TOO CLOSE TO
THE GAS CHAMBER !



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THE FINAL GIRLS



INTERVIEW & PHOTOGRAPHY BY KELLY WEBB

worldmags.net



THEY KNOW HOW TO SCREAM, THEY KNOW HOW TO DIE,
BUT ABOVE ALL, THEY KNOW HOW TO KICK SOME BOGEYMAN ASS!
ONE BY ONE THE REST OF THE CHARACTERS HAVE BEEN STABBED,
HUNG, RIPPED LIMB FROM LIMB, UNTIL THE ONLY SURVIVORS ARE
THE KILLER AND THE FINAL GIRL, THE HORROR HEROINE.
HUSTLER HANGS WITH FOUR OF HOLLYWOOD'S HOTTEST
SCREAM QUEENS AS THEY TALK BLOODY SET PRANKS,
LOW-BUDGET MISHAPS AND GOING UP AGAINST
MICHAEL MYERS AT AGE TEN. DANIELLE HARRIS,
ERIN MARIE HOGAN, VICTORIA DE MARE AND
PANDIE SUICIDE SPILL THE GORY DETAILS
OF THE HORROR GENRE. THESE LADIES
AREN'T BREAKING ANY HEELS.

HUSTLER: What got you into horror?

DANIELLE HARRIS: I started so young that I sort of just fell into it. I was ten, and then I didn't actually do horror again for 20 years. I came back in '07 and sort of sparked this thing... I think people still wanted that girl from the old *Halloween* movies, and that fan base gave me a career. For me it's the only genre where I can be the lead and carry this incredible amount of weight as an actress. Real big-budget movies or TV shows are not hiring girls like us; they're hiring movie stars. For these movies we can be the star and get a chance to sort of flex our acting chops.

ERIN MARIE HOGAN: I just think it's really fun to be able to do things like run and scream naked through the woods. When I got into horror with *Paranormal Entity*, people seemed to like me in that genre. I decided to keep doing it.

VICTORIA DE MARE: I was cast in *Slaughter Studios*, a Roger Corman horror film—he was infamously known as the King of the B's, so I thought I had freakin' made it. This genre has the most loyal fan base that you can find. The fans will follow you for life.

PANDIE SUICIDE: Horror is so visceral—it's all about the blood onscreen. I think that's what drew me to it. I started off as a model and in music videos, so once I started doing more acting, I naturally gravitated toward the genre. I also write a lot of horror stuff and fantasy/sci-fi crossover. I started making my own horror movies because I'm so obsessed with them. [Laughs.]

Horror seems like the only genre where there's always a kickass female lead.

DANIELLE: Yeah, it doesn't really exist outside of this. Even action movies, they are sort of few and far between.

So what's it like to be a kid in a scary movie?

DANIELLE: Honestly, it's just fun. I think everyone's concerned about freaking you out or you being traumatized, when you're like, *It's cool. I get to order french fries from room service, and I don't go to school!* >>

Erin, you're in *House of Manson*. Do you find true stories to be scarier than fiction?

ERIN: I do. I think what people can come up with in their imagination is cool, but I really like the terrifying idea that this guy, Charles Manson, was able to kind of win these people over and make them feel loved and protected so much so that they would go and kill for him. I'm finding the Manson following to be either really supportive or really scary. I myself have been fine. I know [the actual] Linda Kasabian has been just hiding, sort of trying to stay out of things. I haven't had any threats.

That's good. Even Michael Myers is kind of a real thing, like that could be a real person.

DANIELLE: Yeah, the guy next door.

Danielle, I heard you had a hard time coming back to some of the more violent scenes in Rob Zombie's *Halloween II* reboot.

**"I WAS DYING IN A HALLOWEEN
FRANCHISE FOR THE FIRST TIME.**

I HAD TO COME TO TERMS...

AND PASS THE TORCH ON."

—DANIELLE HARRIS

DANIELLE: Rob Zombie is so brilliant because his stuff is so realistic and simple and gruesome and violent. That's why I just had to take my clothes off for the first one, because he wants to hire real women with real bodies. Actually my death scene in the sequel was not in the script at all. She was supposed to find me in a bathtub, and I thought, *That's just not gonna work—no, we need to cover me in blood and throw me on the floor and make me look like a fetus*. It was definitely traumatic for me. I was dying in a *Halloween* franchise for the first time. I had to come to terms in the real world and pass the torch on. I think it brought up a bunch of real feelings.

For actresses that are scream queens, it's hard, because we have to be on from the moment we get on set. There's no break; it's a month of being tortured and beaten and raped and crying. [The audience is] seeing 90 minutes of it, but we're doing 18-hour days where your body doesn't know that you're an actress. I mean, you can't only pretend to be raped—your fight-or-flight instincts kick in immediately. I've almost passed out; I can't feel my hands; you hyperventilate... It's a real, real deal. But we keep doing it, so there must

be something great about it. [Laughs.]

VICTORIA: The fans, the fans. They are really appreciative. It helps.

Victoria, you, on the other hand, do comedy-horror, so what do you think makes dying comical sometimes?

VICTORIA: Dying can be really funny. A lot of people expect it to always be so tragic and horrible, and then when it's funny, it can be a titillating roller coaster to your emotions. Like, *Oh, my God, that's horrifying, but it's hysterical!* I love to combine that.

What's the funniest death you've experienced?

VICTORIA: I did [a film] called *Azira: Blood From the Sand*. I was the virginal character who gets possessed by the demon—played by Julie Strain, who was amazing—but my death scene goes back to the virginal girl who got possessed. It was this weird kind of thing where it was this little girl going into this crazy demon. I literally felt like I was schizophrenic at that point. I was laughing, kinda coming out of the role, but then I totally started to just lose it and cry. I really was shaking. You go there, and it really messes with your energy, and you're like *Who am I?* afterwards.

Pandie, you wrote, produced and starred in your short film *Blood Bath*. What was it like, being in total control?

PANDIE: Um, amazing! First I made one called *Massacre*, and I learned a lot, so then I decided to make *Blood Bath* this year and released it. It stars Jeordie White from Marilyn Manson, Sid Wilson, the DJ from Slipknot. It's got a really good score. And there's so much blood, literally a bathtub full of blood!

The film's almost like a commentary on dating. What do you think is sexy about horror?

PANDIE: Everything! But for me it's the blood. I don't know if that necessarily translates to real life situations for me, but in movies that is a sexy image. And other people seem to like it too, 'cause I get all these comments like, "Oh, that was really sexy!" I'm like, *Okay, I'm not the only weird person here!*

What would your go-to weapon be in a horror movie?

ERIN: Car keys. Anybody who's ever seen me walking to my car in the dark knows not to approach me because I carry my car keys in between my fingers, and I will stab your face off.



DANIELLE: God, that's a good question. I think anything that I can strike from a distance. Anything like a giant street sweeper or some giant gun. But you can't kill most of them because they're immortal.

VICTORIA: Mine is drumsticks. I played this musician that got possessed by a demon, started taking people out in her band. She took the drummer's sticks and pierced his eardrums with them. When in doubt, pierce someone's brain with your drumsticks.

PANDIE: I would choose a cell phone, so I could call for help. That's like the most obvious thing, or car keys so you could drive away. Or a katana, like a really big sword or something.

ERIN: Just stuff you carry—car keys, cell phone, swords—you know, the normal things.

Have any of you had a date ask you to role-play your character?

VICTORIA: I play a character in the *Killjoy* feature series called Batty Boop. People I was involved with were like, "You know, I would really love to *do* Batty Boop. Can you come home in your makeup?" I'm like, no way. It's a five-hour day getting into makeup and two and a half getting out, so there's gonna be no doing Batty Boop! I'm not going to be driving home in my friggin' complete body paint from my head to above my knees. I'm wearing boots and gloves and a boa. But the rest is full-body makeup, front and back, prosthetics with a tail, contacts...

What's it like filming a sex scene in a horror movie with impending doom around the corner?

ERIN: Awkward! And a lot of times in the low-budget community they'll do the sex scenes early in the production—in case you decide to back out, then you don't have leverage.

DANIELLE: Day one, always.

ERIN: Yeah, so you probably just met this guy today, and you're like, "Okay, well, let's get naked and hop into bed!" And in my case it's always someplace weird. It's always, you know, "Let's go have sex in that morgue, guy-I-met-today! Or in this old saloon! And forget about later, when my rib is going to be ripped out and stabbed into my neck. Who cares? Let's just go have sex and pretend that's not going to happen. By the way, I'm Erin!"

VICTORIA: Right? I had a guy say to me one time—before we were starting a scene, with the socks out and the patches out, a fully nude scene—and he was like, "I just want to tell you, if I get turned on, I'm sorry. And if I don't get turned on, I'm sorry." It totally took the nerves and the pressure off. I think in horror the fans are looking for a certain amount of things they want to see that you need to hit. Sex and nudity is one of those things. It supports the genre, and who doesn't love to see a beautiful, sexy, naked woman? It's very awkward to do, but when you see the final cut, you're like, *Oh, that was hot!*

ERIN: Often the guys feel a lot more uncomfortable than I do. For one thing it doesn't help that cock socks are just ridiculous. They're the most absurd thing in the world. You can't exactly feel super manly and sexy in a sock tied around your stuff.

Funny. What are the guys like on set?

ERIN: When you're a female in horror movies, a lot of times you can play so much younger. You get these guys that are legitimately 18 or 19, and you're like, *Oh, boy...*

DANIELLE: They're so stoked, I'm sure. I was playing a teenager, and the boy was really cute—I was 30, and he was 18. I was like *Yes! I'm gonna dominate this guy right now. He's gonna freak the fuck out!* [Laughs.] So it kind of made it a little bit less awkward, because I felt completely in control.

VICTORIA: I had fans come to a *Killjoy* set that wanted to meet Trent Haaga, who plays Killjoy, and myself. This 14-year-old boy came in with his dad, who literally looked like he was meeting frickin' Julia Roberts. He was trembling, and I did my whole little voice with him and was like, "I hear you want a photo with me." And he was all "Uh-huh...uh-huh!" I felt like a frickin' movie star.

ERIN: I did get a really nice email from a 15-year-old asking if he could lose his virginity to me. I was just like, "There is no possible way for me to do that for you, sweetie. I'm sorry." But it was so cute. I was really flattered.

That's adorable. Is there a scream queen you guys idolize or base your career on?

[Everyone points to Danielle.]

DANIELLE: Oh, stop!

ERIN: I wasn't doing a lot of horror at the time that the new *Halloween* came out, but I was super stoked about [and] really liked Danielle's performance. You actually were kind of an inspiration to me a little bit.

DANIELLE: Thank you! I love acting and being on set, but it's hard—you make these movies for so long, and I love horror films, but going to see them is complicated. I'm breaking them apart from the opening credits, and it becomes a very technical thing. I just finished *Stranger Things*—which I'm obsessed with—>>



**"IT'S ALWAYS FUN ON HORROR MOVIE SETS
TO SEE HOW CONVINCING YOUR MAKEUP
ACTUALLY IS." —ERIN MARIE HOGAN**

but that brought me back to when I started, when horror movies were the best they could be. Everything in 2016, it's like bigger, badder, more effects, and I can't stand it. I just want like simple, real...real boobs, real people.

ERIN: And stuff like that has so much going on—effects and things. It's going to become dated so quickly, and it's not going to last the way something like *Halloween* has.

DANIELLE: Old movies still hold up. They're still so much better than anything that's come out in the last 15 years.

PANDIE: There's stuff they were doing that they probably couldn't get away with now. You hear the stories of the original *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, what [Marilyn Burns] went through, but that performance she delivered is amazing. Those are definitely scream queens that I look up to, from the classic movies like *I Spit on Your Grave*. What those actresses went through must have been rough, and it is all very real because it's not based on effects; it's the performance that's selling it.

ERIN: I do have to say, as far as current people go, I'm a big Mary Elizabeth Winstead fan. I really like her, and who doesn't like John Goodman? So I really liked the *Cloverfield* sequel *10 Cloverfield Lane*.

VICTORIA: People forget about Fay Wray from the '30s, the original *King Kong*. She was the first one who was doing the scream queen, the damsel in distress who kind of becomes the hero.

What's the craziest stunt you've done?

ERIN: Oh, boy...we talking the most dangerous, or we talking...

I guess I gotta narrow it down. Most physically demanding?

ERIN: Well, in the movie *Dwelling*, I spent about 12 hours in a bathtub being drowned by multiple people. And that was very physically demanding! But it was actually fun, which sounds ridiculous, but it really was. I was tied to a chair in this movie called *Throwdown* and thrown into a pool and untied myself, but that was actually surpris-

ingly easy. It was the buildup to it that was like, *Am I gonna be able to get out of this?*

DANIELLE: I've been hurt on non-horror movies, like I broke my foot on *Free Willy* [laughs] jumping off of a freeway overpass onto an 18-wheeler. I made it from that onto the lift and from the lift to the ground, and when I got to the ground, I slipped on cardboard. Stupid, dumb stuff. I'm like momma bear on set, especially with these low-budget indie horror films, when I know that there are other newer actresses who are too afraid to speak up. I'm usually the one on set going, "How are you doing this? You guys, if you kill your actress, you're fucked."

ERIN: The problem is, everyone is excited, and they are stoked to be making a horror movie. And a lot of people are inexperienced, and you have to be in control.

DANIELLE: Women in general have to kind of run the show, especially in a male-dominated industry.

ERIN: And back each other up, for sure.

PANDIE: I was doing a scene where they were going to cut off my hand with an axe—they were using a real axe! I was just like, "Uh, I don't know about this," and they ended up getting another one.

ERIN: They're like, "Oh, we dulled it!" [Laughs.]

PANDIE: Yeah, so it won't hurt as much when it chops off my hand?!

ERIN: So it will only go halfway through or...

PANDIE: On another one, I was supposed to be caught, and I was kind of hanging from barbed wire, so they gave me a chair to stand on. It was like filed down barbed wire around my neck. I'm in high heels here; if I like move forward a little, what's going to happen? This is the stuff you gotta look out for. Let's try not to kill our actors. Well, only on film.

VICTORIA: I love animals, but I'm very frightened of rats, and they had a whole tank of maybe 25 to 30 of them in this really ridiculous cult-classic film I did called *Werewolf in a Womens Prison*. I'm trying to get out of my chains, and they're like, "Okay, ready? Release the rats! Action, Victoria!" All these rats that I'm fucking terrified of are coming at me, and I was literally starting to have a nervous breakdown. The director was laughing, like, "Victoria, that was some of the best acting I've ever seen you do!"

Are there pranks played on set?

DANIELLE: Kane Hodder is a big prankster, but he knows not to fuck with me. He gets everybody else; I'm usually in on it with him. But I don't want to be pranked.

ERIN: I did agree to smash a bunch of mirrors once, and they were really, really concerned that I was cut up and had glass stuck in me. I was fine; I wasn't actually hurt. Makeup and one of the producers and I thought it would be funny to put some glass in me and have me limp back to set. It's always fun on horror movie sets to see how convincing your makeup actually is.

"I STARTED MAKING MY OWN HORROR MOVIES BECAUSE I'M SO OBSESSED WITH THEM". —PANDIE SUICIDE



Do you prefer to be the victim, killer or hero?

DANIELLE: I much prefer to be the killer. I guess the killer that then becomes the hero because she's killed the bad guy.

VICTORIA: I like to be the bad guy, the killer, the person you love to hate.

PANDIE: I do too. I like being the villain—or villainess, I guess. I like that there is room for stronger female characters in horror. Oftentimes she flips the script and becomes the hero or the killer. I love that.

DANIELLE: The final girls.

ERIN: Yeah, that's usually what I am, a bit of both. Usually that girl next door who ends up surprising you somehow. But I've never gotten to be the super bad guy.

VICTORIA: I just want to be the monster. I don't want to be the pretty girl; it's too much pressure! Throw me in some gore, full-body whatever. Change me up, put me in a suit...

So what can we see you in next? What's coming up for you guys?

ERIN: *House of Manson* was just released on all digital platforms and came out on DVD. And then sometime this year *Dwelling* will be out, which is a paranormal thriller with Mu-Shaka Benson and Devanny Pinn. And watch *Ray Donovan* even though I'm not on it anymore [laughs].

VICTORIA: The release of *Killjoy's Psycho Circus* is going to premiere on the El Rey Network, followed by DVD and Blu-ray release, followed by the Batty Boop doll/action figure, which I'm really excited about! I'm also really excited about the new digital album I'm releasing—it's a pop rock album called *Can U Not Tell*, so it looks like *CUNT*.

PANDIE: I just released my short film *Blood Bath*. You can see it on YouTube. I figured it was the best way to reach the most people. And I'm gonna be releasing *Massacre* soon. Also, I'm working on a vampire project. I think we'll call it Project V for now.

DANIELLE: I did a movie last year called *Havenhurst* with Julie Benz, which should be coming out fairly soon. At the beginning of the year I did a movie called *Inoperable*, but I don't know when that's going to see the light of day. You never know. It could be like five years from now. There's other ones I'm probably forgetting, but realistically I'm being normal for a minute, not covered in blood for like a little bit.

VICTORIA: Until we go shoot!

DANIELLE: Exactly. 

For more gore, visit DanielleHarris.org, ScreamQueenDeMare.com, ErinMarieHogan.com, and follow @PandieSuicide on social media.



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BARELY LEGAL #153

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** OTTO BAUER.
STARRING: ALINA WEST, JENNA REID, GWEN STARK, TYSEN RICH, LOLA HUNTER, SCOTT LYONS, RYAN DRILLER, BRADLEY REMINGTON, RICHIE CALHOUN & TYLER NIXON.



Heat up the wienies and warm those buns!

Barely Legal #153 is throwing a barbecue party, and everyone's coming! Like most successful concepts, the idea behind this offering is simple: Throw a bunch of nubile hotties into bikinis, let them luxuriate around a swimming pool and then pair them up with a parade of cocks eager to fuck them silly. Brunet, porcelain-skinned enchantress Jenna Reid kicks things off, wasting no time in squatting and gobbling the prod of a Steve Buscemi look-alike. He then cuts into her gash like his cock is a cleaver. With her braided red hair and wide-eyed gaze, Gwen Stark has a hippie-girl aura about her. One imagines her cunt smelling like patchouli and tofu. As Stark slobbers on the steely prong of her gym-rat partner, the viewer can't help but be enchanted by her inverted nipple; it's like a shy animal that needs to be coaxed out of hiding with steady encouragement. Stark rides and bounces on her partner's prong like it's a Hippity Hop, her modest tits slapping against her rib cage with sweat-wet thwaps as she's drilled into oblivion. Eventually her sweet slice of strawberry pie is glazed with thick dollops of dick sauce. The standout scene features wispy-framed Alina West, who gets savagely face-fucked before enjoying a passionate, hair-pulling schtup. The flesh parade of *Barely Legal #153* will definitely have your frank standing at attention. Visit **HustlerStore.com** or call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 to order.

—Pico D. Ribibi



ALINA WEST



JENNA REID

GWEN STARK



TYSEN RICH



LOLA HUNTER





AUBREY GOLD & SUBIL ARCH



BAD GIRLS BOOT CAMP

WICKED PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** MARK STONE. **STARRING:** JENNA SATIVA, UMA JOLIE, TANNER MAYES, JOJO KISS, SHYLA RYDER, SUBIL ARCH, AUBREY GOLD, LIZA ROWE, WILL POWERS, RYAN DRILLER, RYAN McLANE & TONY MARTINEZ.



Sometimes a spanking isn't enough to set a recalcitrant bitch on the right path. *Bad Girls Boot Camp* offers stiff discipline for wayward tramps, setting them on the straight and narrow while keeping them on the loose and twisted. The rebellious twats presented here are a ball-bloating bunch, starting with auburn-haired waif Jojo Kiss, who's put on KP duty for her infractions. As inept as she is alluring, Kiss can't even peel a cucumber properly. Luckily she fares better with the groin gourd dangling between her disciplinarian's legs. Rivulets of drool fall from Kiss's mouth as she ably chokes down the goober before her. With her brunet bangs, modest tits and pixieish demeanor, Jenna Sativa looks innocent, like a folk singer you might find crooning about puppies at your local coffeehouse. There's nothing remotely innocent, however, about the way she demands a spanking to her sudsy ass and ravenously licks twat during a shower scene with pigtailed alpha bitch Tanner Mayes and flaxen-tressed Uma Jolie. Rail-thin hellion Shyla Ryder's chest is so flat, it's practically concave; nonetheless, the viewer's blood pressure will definitely rise while watching her do squat thrusts on her drill sergeant's cock. Despite the quality of female talent, there are some quibbles. The editing tends to abruptly jump and cut, and the fact that this was obviously filmed at an upscale Southern California home detracts from the caged-heat fantasy. Even so, *Bad Girls Boot Camp* will have you manhandling your meat missile. —P.D.R.



SHYLA RYDER



UMA JOLIE, JENNA SATIVA & TANNER MAYES



DOUBLE BLACK PENETRATION 3

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** PRINCE YAHSHUA.
STARRING: ASHLEY FIRES, ANGEL SMALLS, MANDY MUSE, AJ APPLGATE, PRINCE YAHSHUA, RICO STRONG & SEAN MICHAELS.



In 1975 Nabisco introduced Double Stuf Oreos, a twice-packed sweet white delight sandwiched between two hard brown slabs. More than four decades later that tradition carries on with *Double Black Penetration 3*. The question is, nearly half a century in, does the recipe hold up, or does it seem a little stale? The video doesn't do itself any favors by leading off with thick, stringy-haired blonde Ashley Fires, who—with her Joker's grin and industrial-grade makeup—looks like Courtney Love after a weeklong cheeseburger binge. To her credit, she gamely takes on a pair of bulging, dusky lap lizards, welcoming them into her shitpit and tuna trench for an orifice-stretching DP. Apparently that old adage is true: Once you go black, the nethers go slack. On the other hand, if black lives matter, why are they being wasted on this clown-faced flesh pile? Petite blond fuck puppet Angel Smalls is less searing to the eyes, all sweetness and perky-titted light as an ebony groin girder threatens to plunge her tonsils out by way of her asshole. Smalls earns her double dose of Nubian nut butter inch by inch by inch. Sturdy, pale-fleshed copper top Mandy Muse is built for endurance, and she definitely needs it as she pummels her uvula on a cum-spitting cobra while taking an anal drubbing. The otherwise loin-stirring scene is only marred by Muse's pimpled posterior. *Double Black Penetration* might offer twice the hole-hammering action, but an uneven roster of female talent yields only half of the thrills that might have been. —P.D.R.

AJ APPLGATE





ASHLEY FIRES



MANDY MUSE



ANGEL SMALLS

APRIL BROOKES

PLEASURE PRINCESS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS









I've lost track of how many guys I've slept with. Last time I thought about it, it was somewhere around 60. That's when I stopped counting and decided to just have fun. My favorite position is when I lie flat on my stomach, squeeze my legs tight and bump my butt up as my lover enters me from behind. I like a strong, aggressive guy, and that's a good angle for him to spank me and pull my hair.

"I'm really picky about girls. The chemistry has to be just right. Girls usually eat pussy better than guys, but they don't have dicks, and I *need* dick."









"Just once I'd like to fuck and suck off a bunch of strangers
without having them treat me like a common slut!"



WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE JULY 1976!

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN



EARTHENNE ESSENCE

We've found the perfect bell ringer for the new year's first roundup. Earthenne Essence is a January birthday girl (she'll be turning 22), hails from HUSTLER's birth state and totally embraces nudity. "I love running naked through the woods and skinny-dipping in a creek or river," proclaims the 5-foot-4 newbie from Mayfield Heights, Ohio. "And of course I've had sex in the great outdoors many times. I feel most at peace being in touch with the earth." No wonder she's into mushroom hunting, foraging, mycology (the study of fungi), herbology and botany. Earthenne goes on to reveal more of her essence: "I'm easygoing, laid-back, open-minded and not judgmental. I will move mountains for my loved ones and do anything to make them smile. I love a beautiful woman more than any man. I get off on being dominated, and a person in uniform really turns me on. I often fantasize about having sex with police officers and soldiers in uniform." Earthenne, whose favorite flicks are *Pan's Labyrinth* and *End of Watch*, muses on being observed by a worldwide audience: "I hope your readers like what they see. I think being five months pregnant has made me even sexier and hornier!"

—Photos by Paradigm Foto Studio



"On my birthday I want to rent a hotel room, where I'll give my partner a strip show and then play the dominant role in bed."





Instagram: @Stonelsis
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ISIS STONE

Isis was a pagan goddess worshiped in ancient Egypt as the ideal wife, an attribute doubly befitting Isis Stone, 28, from Reno, Nevada. "I have two husbands," she discloses. "I will do anything I can for them, and they are extremely supportive of whatever I do that makes me happy. They'll get a kick out of seeing me in *HUSTLER* and getting to tell everyone, 'That's my wife!' As for myself, I feel privileged to appear in a magazine I've spent many years looking at and admiring." Let's look a little closer at the 5-foot-3 polyandrist: "I'm loyal, outgoing, opinionated and driven. I love paintball, firearms, college football, horror movies, riding quads and motorcycles, jet-skiing and rodeo. I'm very caring and passionate, and I've been bi for as long as I can remember. There are things I get from being with a woman that I can't get from a man and vice versa. My favorite position is doggy-style, and I've been told that I could probably suck the chrome off a Harley. I love giving oral, though I'm a bit iffy on receiving it unless it's from a woman. I have no gag reflex, and when you pair that with my vibrating tongue ring, it makes for an amazing experience." Anyone wishing to find out how amazing should head to the Sagebrush Ranch in Carson City, Nevada, where Isis is a "very happy" legal courtesan with bondage, rope play and adult breastfeeding on her menu. —Photos by Friend



SABRINA

"I used to be very shy and aloof," says Sabrina, 35, a nurse from Louisville, Kentucky. "Now I'm wild, mischievous and daring. I want to be naked for all the world to see, not just the Peeping Toms I imagine are hiding in the bushes behind our house." Props to the 5-foot-4 tyro for not only coming out of her shell, but also growing a snazzy bush. "Thank you, HUSTLER, for the chance to be one of your amateur models," Sabrina continues. "It turns me on thinking that your readers will get pleasure looking at my pictures. My husband sure loves seeing me naked, and I always get hot and wet when he grabs his camera and starts shooting." Sabrina's other pleasures include horseback riding, swimming, listening to country crooners Eric Church and Jason Aldean, as well as Britney Spears, and majestically toiling in the kitchen: "I love to cook nude with only high heels on while my husband watches. I tease him, feed him and take very good care of his sex life—mine too. I'm a dirty girl who loves sucking dick, eating pussy and being fucked while I'm tied up." Sabrina's fantasy combines all of her amorous kicks: "My husband catches me and another woman having sex, then ties us up and can do or get whatever he wants."

—Photos by Husband





MARIE

"I'm a sweet, sensual, never-say-no type," professes Marie, 19, a secretary from Topeka, Kansas. As you can see, the 5-foot-6 video-chattting buff didn't say no to nude modeling, and what she has to say makes her even more enticing: "I'm bisexual and very submissive. I get off on feeling protected and controlled." But Marie sometimes takes control: "One night my boyfriend and I went for a drive. I was wearing a short dress and no panties. I started sucking his cock, and when it was hard, I hopped on while he drove down the highway." Daredevilish romps are Marie's bread and butter: "I love sneaking into hotel pools for late-night naked dips, and I've had sex in dressing rooms, on a roof, in a lab and at a movie theater." Marie—a fan of the boob tube's *Arrow*, *Supernatural* and *The Blacklist*—is just as rambunctious at home: "I like giving my guy a back rub and then a blowjob while he's watching TV. If the movie or show is good, I'll sit reverse cowgirl and watch too while we're fucking. I'm a nasty girlfriend!" —Photos by Kickback Productions





"I have stranger-type fantasies, like getting nasty with a delivery guy, pool boy or hitchhiker. And I want to be naked at Italy's body-painting festival."



"Marilyn Monroe is my role model. She nailed the art of seduction and yet managed to maintain a sense of innocence."



REBEKAH TAYLOR

"I love giving guys a great tease and making them want more," raves Rebekah Taylor, 28, an exotic dancer from Austin, Texas. "Feeling everyone's eyes on me as I move around the stage is the next best thing to coming!" Hankering to have a multitude of eyes gazing upon her, she knew where to go—*Beaver Hunt*. "I have fun dancing at topless clubs," Rebekah tells us, "but I feel sexier and more confident when I'm completely naked." She has even more to bare than her voluptuous, 5-foot-4 bod: "I'm sweet, caring and friendly. My hobbies are drawing, reading, horseback riding and country dancing, and my favorite singers are Norah Jones, George Strait and Jason Aldean." Rebekah knows what horndogs really wanna hear: "I'm all about the guys. I appreciate a woman's beauty, and I've made out with some of my girlfriends, but I'm only interested in having sex with the fellows. I'm eager for anything, but what I love the most is having my pussy licked and then taking a guy deep and hard until he comes inside me. I have excellent control over my orgasms. I can come in less than two minutes when I want to, and I always have multiple orgasms. I've had about ten in a row a few times." Rebekah could surpass that number if she fulfills her fantasy: "I want to be frisky with two guys at the same time so I can finally experience double penetration." —Photos by Ron Neumann

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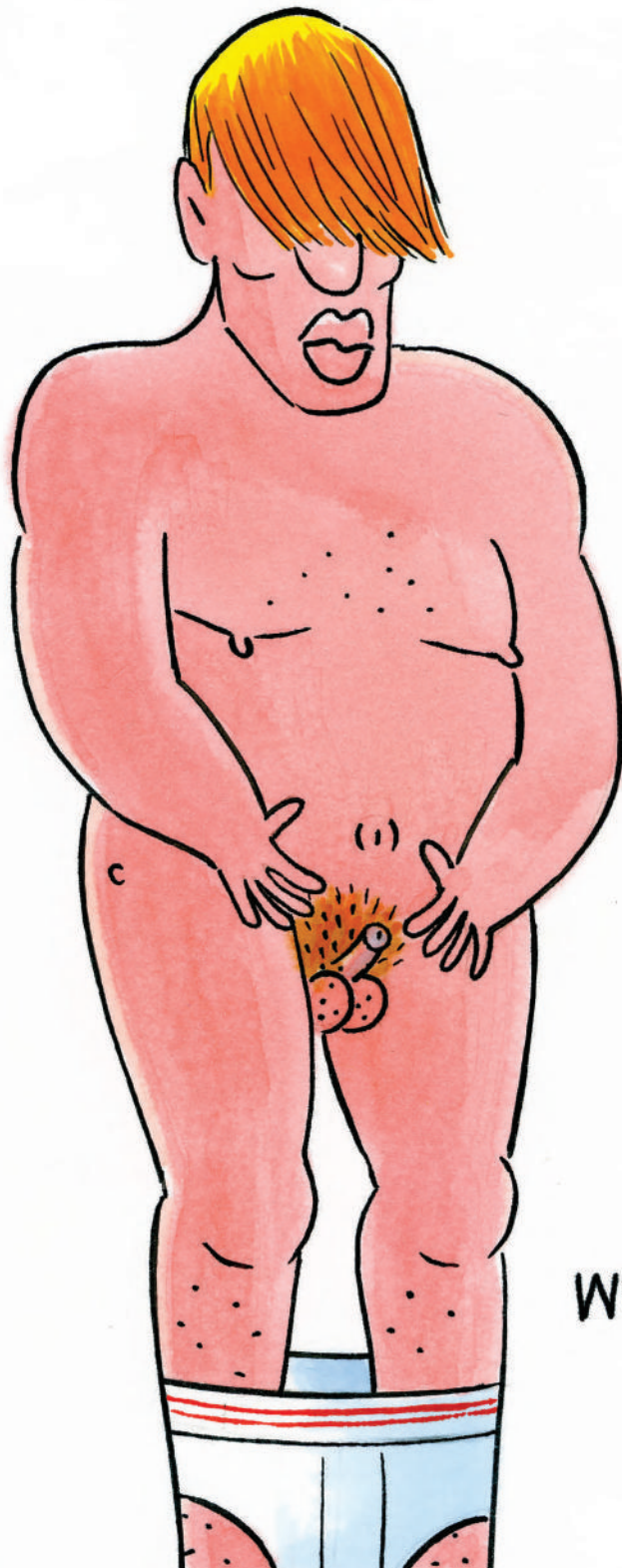
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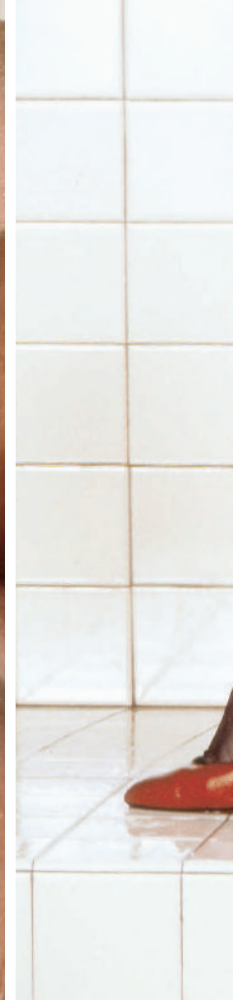


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Although the party ended hours ago, these revelers are still bursting with spirit. He can't hold back his desire to make her wet for their own get-together. They end up in a golden shower that isn't exactly sobering, but the besotted bimbo turns on to the feeling of bubbles in her cunt. "I'll fix your plumbing," he promises, popping his cork. Moments later her pussy, pinker than champagne, is thoroughly drenched. He can't wait to taste the fruits of his labors, and the two are soon locked together in vintage lust. It's a very good year indeed.









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